McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT 13, AUSTIN 10.

That was the Score in an Exhibition Game at Austin Tuesday.

"BUKE" WAS EASY FOR OUR BOYS.

He Gave Ten Bases on Balls—Other Games—Batting and Fielding Averages

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Smethport	9	6	3	.667
Coudersport	11	7	4	.636
Austin	10	6	4	.600
Eldred	12	6	6	.500
Port Allegany	8	3	5	.375
Olean	8	1	7	.125

This has been rather a dull week in baseball circles, especially so far as our team is concerned. Last Thursday the Olean team failed to appear and did not even give our manager notice that they were not coming. Of course they forfeited the game but that was little satisfaction to the management, especially after the game had been advertised and a goodly number of out of town people had come to see the game. Such actions hurt the future attendance at ball games and some provision should be made to compel teams to fill their dates or make good to the disappointed team.

SMETHPORT 13, AUSTIN 10.

The Smethport base ball team (or more correctly speaking remnants of the same) went to Austin Tuesday and defeated the Hicks by the above score. When our boys started out they could only muster six players, but after canvassing Eldred and Port Allegany succeeded in filling out a team.

Tull presided on the rubber for Smethport and pitched a very good game. He struck out eight men, allowed but two bases on balls and allowed the Hicks but nine hits and those were well scattered. Servatius, who left our team for a better thing in Austin, was in poor form and although he held our team down to eleven hits and struck out seven men, his weakness was plainly shown in his allowing ten bases on balls.

Lack of space forbids our giving a detailed account of the game. Following is the tabulated score:

AUSTIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
M. Swain, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
McNamara, 2b	5	2	2	5	3	2
F. Swayne, ss	5	4	1	1	2	0
Servatius, p	5	2	1	0	5	0
Craig, p	5	1	1	0	5	0
Donahoe, 3b	5	1	1	2	2	0
Buckley, cf	4	0	1	2	0	1
Verner, rf	4	0	1	0	1	1
Page, 1st	4	0	0	8	1	0
Totals	40	10	9	27	19	4

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels, ss	5	2	0	2	0	0
Tull, p	4	1	2	1	6	0
Keefer, 1st	4	1	2	8	1	1
Gulligan, rf	5	1	1	2	1	2
Studholme, 2d	4	1	0	2	6	2
McCabe, 3d	3	1	0	2	2	0
G. Studholme, lf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Young, c	4	2	1	8	4	0
Deuning, cf	4	3	3	1	0	1
Total	37	13	11	27	19	7

Home Run—Servatius.
Two-base hits—Young, Deuning, McNamara, F. Swayne.
Double play—Servatius to McNamara to Page.
Bases on balls—off Tull 2; off Servatius 10.
Struck out—by Tull 8; by Servatius 7.
Passed ball—Craig 1.
Umpire—J. L. Morrison.

COUDERSPORT 12; PORT ALLEGANY 0.

The league game between Port Allegany and Coudersport at the latter place last Friday afternoon broke up in the third inning by Port Allegany leaving the field with the score 12 to 0 in favor the home team. Knorr and Shortell were knocked out of the box.

It is hard to figure out how they got such an awful walloping after putting up such a good game against our boys two days before. But perhaps they had not recovered from celebrating the most rare event of winning a game from Smethport.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Below are the batting averages of the members of the Smethport team in the eight league games played to date. The team average is .240, a drop of one point in the last four games. Bell in three games went all the way from the bottom of the list and now leads the team at 333. Servatius in four games dropped from .455 to .308 and now holds second place. Here are the figures:

	Games	A.B.	R.	H.	Ave
Bell	4	15	2	5	.333
Servatius	8	39	9	12	.308
Tull	6	29	5	8	.276
Young	8	30	4	8	.267
Fuller	8	30	8	8	.267
Keefer	8	37	9	9	.243
Studholme	8	29	11	7	.241
Deuning	7	29	7	6	.207
McCabe	4	17	3	3	.176
Torrence	3	13	2	2	.154
Andrews	4	18	2	2	.111
Sasse	4	14	6	1	.071

FIELDING AVERAGES.

A great improvement is noticeable in the fielding department of the game, the team average being .906 in eight as against .860 in four games. Tom Young still holds the premier honors in the fielding line, having accepted 62 chances without a slip. That the team as a whole is fielding fairly well will be seen by the following figures.

	Games	P.O.	A.	E.	Ave.
Young, c	8	51	11	0	1,000
Servatius, p-r f	8	5	8	0	1,000
Andrews, r f	4	0	0	0	1,000
Keefer, 1b	8	77	4	4	.953
Studholme, ss-2b	8	23	20	4	.915
Fuller, p	8	4	15	2	.905
Sasse, 2b-cf	4	4	4	1	.889
Tull, ss-3b	6	6	16	5	.815
Bell, ss	4	4	6	4	.714
Torrence, lf	3	4	0	2	.667
Deuning, cf	7	6	0	3	.667
McCabe 3b	4	8	3	6	.647

Travellers' Club Picnic.

"The act of contemplation then creates the thing contemplated." Mrs. Specht, chairman of committee, arranged for the annual outing of the Travellers' Club at Island Park, Friday, Aug. 14th.

Mrs. Wright, assisted by Dr. McCoy and Charles McKean, prepared delicious coffee. Sixty Travellers and friends sat at the long table. But "who rises from a feast with that keen appetite that he sits down?"

The chief feature of the day after dinner was a base ball game. The batteries consisted of Mesdames Pierce and Bosworth, Forsythe and Backus. Step-ladders would have been very convenient as the balls were "well up." Some astonishing runs and "stolen bases" were made by Mesdames Brownell, Wells, Tracy, Bouton, Clark and Heath. Dr. McCoy, Harry Wells, Dr. Clark and others. Much kicking against the umpire, "Bob" Brownell, was an interesting feature of the game. The coaches were fine and understood their business as the game was a draw. Comments as to style, beauty and finish are unnecessary.

Progressive boat rides, euchre, whist and other games followed in rapid succession.

The day was fair and warm. Mrs. Weisz looked well after the incoming guests and paid very little attention to the outgoing ones. But all good things have an end.

"'Tis grievous parting with good company."

"Excuse me then; you know my heart
But dearest friends, alas! must part"
To meet next year at Island Park.

A. T.

The Glass Situation.

The all absorbing question these days is when are the glass factories going to start? And it is a hard question to answer, but it is generally understood that nearly all factories will get an early start. Fire has been put into the tanks of several factories in this vicinity and these plants are planning on starting between the first and tenth of September, but so far as we can learn the exact time has not yet been set.

In Smethport the fires have not been started in either of the window houses, but we have been given to understand that blowing will commence here about the same time that it starts in other places. The managers of both factories are prepared for a good year's work.

It has been given out that the Federated Glass Companies have decided to start operations on the 15th of October. If this is a fact several of the factories that have started their fires will not start until this date.

The Haines Flint Bottle factory will commence making bottles early in September as usual. At a meeting last Friday evening John D. Shaffer was elected manager. He is a man of a good deal of experience in this line and comes highly recommended. A good season is looked for in the bottle trade.

"A Daughter's Devotion."

Rehearsals of "A Daughter's Devotion," which will be seen again this season with Miss Alma Stirling as the star, under the direction of Stirling and Cornell, began at the Star Theatre, Buffalo, last week and will continue until the season opens the first week in September. Miss Stirling, whose grace as a dancer and whose charm as an actress have made for her an enviable reputation, was so successful in this play last season that her managers received requests from many towns for return dates this season. Miss Stirling is now in Buffalo with her company which is far superior to her support of last season and she will be seen on her coming tour with an entirely new equipment of costumes and scenery. The play is one which appeals to the finer sensibilities, and deals with the life of a young girl in the Pennsylvania oil fields and her sudden accession to immense wealth by the discovery of a fabulously rich oil well on her father's rocky farm. The love interest in the play is sweet and intensely interesting.

This excellent play will be at the Smethport Lyceum, Thursday evening, September 17.

Notice.

There will be no cases called for trial until 9 o'clock a. m., Tuesday, Sept. 8th, so that jurors, witnesses and parties need not attend until that time.

JOS. W. BOUTON, P. J.

Don't Forget

we are making large discounts on Refrigerators to close them out. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Bring this to Monheimer and you'll get 10 more trading stamps than your purchase entitles you to.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The house and lot owned by the late Thomas Malone was bought by N. W. Abbey last Saturday. It is a fine location and well worth the money—$1,695.

New Buildings.—Adelbert Bishop is building a dwelling at the lower end of town and has it well under way. He will move into it in a few days. It is a very neat and comfortable house.

Wm. Ramer is also putting up a dwelling house on the other side of the creek. The cellar under this house is one of the best in this section; the wall is two feet thick and built substantially. The frame will be put up in a week or two.

Wm. Specht is building a new cabinet shop in Mechanicsburg. Quite an improvement on the old stand.

In the list of postoffice appointments we notice the name of C. K. Sartwell is announced as postmaster at this place.

Died, in Norwich township, McKean county, on May 21, 1868, Deacon Henry Lusher, aged 69 years.

News of the death of Ransom Beckwith, Sr., reached here a few days since. He left this place on the 4th of May for Dodge county, Nebraska, where some of his children reside. He reached there on the 7th and on the 15th was a corpse. He died from an attack of inflammation of the lungs, a disease which he is supposed to have contracted while on his way west. Mr. Beckwith was about 80 years of age. For 35 years or more he had resided in this county, coming here from Potter county of which he was one of the earliest settlers. He was a member of the Baptist church in this place and as a citizen was much esteemed. He leaves behind him a large number of descendants and many friends to mourn his loss.

Among the list of Pennsylvania postmasters appointed we notice the name of A. N. Fillibridge is announced as postmaster at Port Allegany.

We doubt whether there is another county in Pennsylvania which can produce more strong men in proportion to her population than McKean. They astonish the natives along down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers during the lumbering season with the wonderful physical strength and endurance which they exhibit. Hear how the astonished Pittsburgers talk about our boy." Derrick Crossmire:

"Blue Eagle Iron Works, Pittsburg, May 12, 1869. Ed. MINER:—A man giving his name as D. V. Crossmire did the largest lifting we ever saw done. He lifted one thousand nine hundred and four pounds of cast iron four inches from the floor and did it with so much ease that we dare not bet with anyone that he could not lift three thousand pounds. Four men were moving some old fly wheels from the rolling mills when Crossmire, who happened in, said: 'You make a great fuss about moving those little wheels.' They all began to laugh at him, when he told them they did not know who they were laughing at—that he could throw those wheels over his head. They asked him to try his hand at it, when he took hold of the rope, put it over his shoulder, took hold of the rope with his hands and told them to block it. He raised it four inches. The men admitted they did not know who they had sneered at and were still more surprised when the iron was put on the scales. Crossmire says he is nothing but a boy and that we ought to see some of the men! As for the pay, he even refused to take a glass of beer, says he does not drink anything strong. N. Hillsey, clerk of Ironworks. We testify to the truth of these statements. James Brady, F. Schroer, H. K. Hillock, W. T. Donalds."

On Monday last the job of building the Catholic church in this place was let to a gentleman of Olean for $2,600. We understand that this man also got the job of building the church at Turtle Point for which he is paid $1,000.

About two weeks ago Charley Dickinson of Norwich township succeeded in capturing five young wolves on what is known as Indian run. The wolves had been making sad havoc among the sheep on Potato creek, so Charley determined to make a raid on them and after a diligent search, aided by a good dog, found the den and captured the five whelps. He carefully set some traps at the spot and feels confident of catching the old wolves.

A miner by the name of Quinn was frightfully crushed on Wednesday of last week by the falling in of the roofing of the mines of the Lafayette Coal Co. near Alton. Dr. Freeman of this place was telegraphed for who repaired to the scene of disaster as soon as possible. He found the man in a terribly suffering condition, the bones of one shoulder, an arm and thigh literally crushed. He dressed his wounds as well as it was possible to do and left the man supposing he could not live. The man is still alive, however, and is said to be doing well.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

Select a $1.00 hat and pay only 35c at Wm. Monheimer's.

BAD RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

George Greer's Team Does Serious Damage Thursday Afternoon.

MRS. ALBERT WARREN IS INJURED.

Her Wrist and Ankle Sprained—Also Bruised About the Body—The Carriage Wrecked.

Last Thursday afternoon the spirited team of George Greer ran away and Mrs. Albert Warren was seriously injured. Her left wrist and right ankle were badly sprained. Her right hip was badly bruised and she was otherwise bruised about the body, but her injuries are not considered dangerous.

Mr. and Mrs. Greer, Mrs. Warren and her brother, George Brennan, had been visiting the Taylor farm, about a mile west of town, owned by the Brennan estate, and when starting for home the team started to run. Mr. Greer kept them under control until he attempted to make the turn from the driveway to the house into the main road. At this point the two right wheels were smashed and the carriage was turned over on its side and the horses broke clear from the carriage.

Being on the side that gave way, Mrs. Warren fell under the whole load. The others picked themselves up quickly and, assisted by two or three men who were near by, helped Mrs. Warren out of the wreck and another team was sent for to convey her to the Brennan home. At this writing she is improving rapidly. The rest of the party escaped with very slight injuries.

The team was stopped a short distance down the road and were not hurt. The carriage was badly wrecked.

A Lucky Runaway.

John Youmans, agent for the Singer sewing machine, had a lucky runaway accident near Ormsby Monday afternoon, although his carriage was considerably damaged.

While he was calling on a customer he left a small boy in charge of the rig. The horse was feeding along the side of the road and in some way got its bridle caught on a pair of whiffletrees in such a way that when the animal attempted to raise its head the whiffletrees would hit the horse. This frightened the animal and he started to run.

In attempting to make a turn the vehicle was turned completely over and the top and dashboard were badly wrecked. The fortunate part of the accident was that the boy escaped without the slightest injury.

"Cap" Backus Shoots Himself.

Frank S. Backus, clerk at the Sartwell House, Port Allegany, is home on an enforced vacation, the result of the unexpected discharge of a revolver early last Sunday morning.

Early Sunday morning a drummer came into the Sartwell House and asked "Cap" to take care of a revolver for him until he returned from Buffalo. "Cap" took the gun and before laying it away examined it. He raised the hammer and while in the act of letting the hammer down his thumb slipped off and the gun was discharged. The bullet grazed his third finger on his left hand and ploughed through the second and first fingers.

He had his wounds dressed and as there are no bones broken he will not be laid up for any great length of time.

Gillmore Recovering.

Eugene Gillmore, who has been seriously ill at the hospital as the result of a fight near Custer City with Bert and Marshall Gage has recovered sufficiently to warrant his discharge from that institution to-night or to-morrow. Gillmore received a severe injury to his head and his quick recovery is regarded as remarkable. For some time he was in a most precarious condition and it was then feared that the Gage brothers would have to answer to a much more serious charge than aggravated assault. Marshall Gage has not yet been apprehended by the police and it is not likely that he will ever be placed under arrest on the charge.—Bradford Star.

The Deckers Released.

G. H. Decker and wife, who were held for court on the charge of involuntary manslaughter, were released on a writ of habeas corpus yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Decker were charged with allowing their child to die through neglect to give the child proper medical care while it was sick with cholera infantum.

The case was heard before Judge Ormerod yesterday afternoon and he decided there was no law under which they could be prosecuted. He gave them and the "faith cure" doctrine a very severe lecture and sent them home to ponder over their actions.

$3.00 for Walkover Low Shoes that were $3.50 and $4.00, at Monheimer's.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c a foot.

Death of Mrs. Evans.

After a long and lingering illness with consumption Mrs. Sallie Angelina Evans entered into rest at the advanced age of 79 years, 5 months and 13 days.

The subject of this sketch was born in Broome county, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1824. She was the oldest daughter of Joseph Hodges, and was married to John P. Evans in the year 1840. They settled in the then almost unbroken forest near the head of Annin creek. After a few years they moved on a farm in Norwich township and remained there until after Mr. Evans' death. A few years ago she with her son, Henry, came to East Smethport where she has been tenderly cared for by her children.

She was the mother of eleven children, eight of whom survive her, namely, Mulvina Carter of Emporium, Fidelia Smith of Newerf, Ann Gallup of Norwich, Lillian Richards of Sardinia, Charles of Chicago, Orren of Myrtle and Henry and William of Smethport. She also leaves three brothers and three sisters who with a host of friends sincerely mourn her demise.

She was a member of the Baptist church and enjoyed her pastor's visits. During her long and tedious illness she has proven to all who have been with her the power of the Almighty to uphold and sustain us, even through the valley and shadow of death. In most trying moments she would exclaim, "Praise the Lord, O my soul." Such deaths are living sermons, better than all the eloquence in human power of speech.

We extend to the family our sympathy in their bereavement and commend them to her God who doeth all things well.

The funeral was held Sunday at 2 p. m. from the Methodist church, the clergy of that place officiating, as Rev. Calvin was absent. She was laid to rest beside her husband. At last reunited.

Did Glenister Swim the Rapids?

The report has been generally circulated that "Jack" W. Glenister of New York swam through the Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara Falls Monday morning, but there are a great many who are of the belief that this story is a fake. As yet the story has neither been proven nor disproven satisfactorily.

Glenister advertised that he would attempt the swim on Saturday last, but the police prevented his making the trial. On Monday, however, he and several of his friends claim that he did the daring deed between 6:30 and 7 o'clock in the morning and also that men there for that purpose got a series of pictures of Glenister as he was performing this wonderful feat.

It is claimed that Glenister was taken out of the water in an almost unconscious condition at Devil's Hole, between the upper and lower rapids, that one rib was broken and he was otherwise badly bruised by being tossed about in the water.

Those who do not believe that Glenister made the swim point to the fact that no proof has been given in his behalf except by his friends and they also claim that it would be impossible to take good photographs so early in the morning. Perhaps time will bring out the facts, but at present opinions are about evenly divided. If he did make the trip he is the first to make it without the aid of a barrel or other contrivance.

Death of J. E. B. White.

J. E. B. White, an aged resident of the Marvin creek valley, died at his home near Marvindale last Saturday morning, from a general breaking down of health. He was 80 years and 6 months old.

Mr. White was one of the oldest settlers of this county and had been a resident of Hamlin township for over fifty years. He came into the county with the early settlers, cleared up a farm and few men were better known by the old inhabitants than he. His death will be sad news to a large circle of friends. His wife and the one child born to them have long since departed this life.

The funeral services were held at his late home and his remains were laid at rest in the cemetery near Hazelhurst Monday afternoon.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 15, 1903:

W. B. Dutcher, Miss Edith Emerson, Gerhard Fenner, Miss L. Glarin, Mrs. Cecil Howard, G. W. Krill, Gust Larson, Henry Madigan, G. O. Manwaring, Cal Mordoff, Jas. Seely, Geo. P. Vickery.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

For Sale Cheap

at Stull & Youmans' store, Ormsby, Pa. 1 oak dining table, 1 bedroom suit, 1 single iron bedstead with springs and mattress, 1 writing desk, 1 kitchen table 1 gas range, 1 folding bed, 25 yds. carpeting also matting, 1 carriage, single harness and robes, 1 cutter, 2 bicycles (one lady's.) For particulars inquire of John Youmans, Smethport, (over Hafner's store) or M. L. Youmans, Ormsby.

Powell-Richards.

On last Monday afternoon, Melina C. Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Richards, was married to Benjamin John Powell. The ceremony was performed in the Trinity reformed church at 4 o'clock. The pastor, Rev. D. B. Lady, officiating. The bridesmaid was Miss Harriet Thiebert, a cousin of the bride, and Eugene Richards, a brother, was best man. While the wedding march was being played by Mrs. John George, the bride entered, with her brother, Joseph Richards, who gave her away. Mrs. Anna George was matron of honor. A large number of friends witnessed the ceremony.

At the conclusion of the services the bridal party and guests repaired to the home of the bride's parents on Fourth avenue, where a wedding supper was served. Later Mr. and Mrs. Powell departed on a wedding trip that will include visits to Cedar Point, Cleveland and other cities.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Powell are well known here. The former is a well known glass worker and very popular. He formerly lived in this city, but is now a resident of Smethport. The bride is also one of the most popular in her set and has gained for herself here many warm friends.—New Kensington, Keystone.

Warship Sunk.

A dispatch from Hong Kong, dated Aug. 18, says: The Canadian Pacific railroad's steamer Empress of India (from Vancouver, B. C., July 27, and Yokohama August 10, for Hong Kong), collided near this port to-day with the Chinese cruiser, Huang Tai. The warship sank an hour after the collision.

The Empress of India saved 170 of the crew of the cruiser. The captain of the Huang Tai, who refused to leave his ship, and thirteen of her crew, were drowned. The Empress of India was badly damaged amidships.

The Huang Tai was a tender to the naval engineering college of the Southern Chinese squadron, at Nanking. She was of 2110 tons displacement, had a speed of 15 knots and carried 300 men. She was built in England in 1888. Her armament consisted of three 7-inch Krupp guns, seven 40-pounders and six small rapid-fire guns.

The Empress of India is one of the finest vessels of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. She is 440 feet long and is of over 3,000 tons net register. She was built at Barrow in 1890, is driven by two propellors and has 16,000 indicated horse power.

Revised Game Laws.

The following extracts are taken from the revised game laws of 1903:

Non-residents and unnaturalized foreign born residents must secure a license before hunting in this State; fee $10. Penalty $25 and forfeiture of all gunning paraphernalia found in possession of arrested parties.

Guns and hunting paraphernalia will be sold unless fine and costs are paid and the fact that imprisonment suffered will not effect the release of these articles.

Costs cannot be imposed upon officers whose duty it is to see that the game law is enforced, but said costs must be paid either by defendant or the county.

One of the most important changes made in the fish law was the repeal of section 9 of the act of 1901, which allowed the use of seines in taking carp, catfish, eels and suckers. The use or possession of a seine (except a minnow seine) is now forbidden. Penalty $100 fine and three or six months jail imprisonment.

Grange Picnic.

The Patrons of Husbandry of McKean county will hold a basket picnic at Farmers Valley Monday, Aug. 24, 1903.

Prof. A. E. Morse, the funny man from way down East in Maine, will be present to make you laugh. A. M. Cornell, Lecturer of the State Grange, will be present and discuss the topics of the day as they affect the agricultural interests of the State. State Master W. F. Hill will be present also and address the people, and will organize a Pomona Grange in the evening at Coryville.

Good music. Plenty of local entertainment and a good time generally.

Turn out parrons and friends and get the benefit of these inspiring exercises. Bring your lunch baskets and be prepared to stay all day and enjoy some of the good things of life.

By order of committee.

Comes Family Reunion.

The annual reunion of the decendants of David and Hannah Comes will be at the home of Mrs. Floretta Gallup at Norwich, Pa., August 27th. Exercises commence at 10:30 a. m.

A. M. BARTLETT, Secy.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at residence of John N. Apple, West King street.

75c buys a Straw Hat that sold up to $3.00, at Wm. Monheimer's.

...The... "Compleat" Anglers

By PETER M'ARTHUR

Copyright, 1902, by Peter McArthur

"I'LL go if mamma will let me."

Leona Jarvis stood on the little dock in front of their summer cottage and looked down teasingly at the young man who was holding his little catboat against the planks with one hand while he sat on the gunwale and let the sail hang loosely. He frowned and certainly blushed, though it was hard to see this under the coat of tan he had acquired while cruising about the bay. During the past couple of months he had had a great deal of thinking to do, and nothing is so conducive to concentrated and exhaustive thought as sailing about in a trim and docile boat without regard to time. And as most of his cruising was done alone people seemed to think that there was a misanthropic appro-

"WELL, SEE THAT YOU CATCH SOMETHING!"

priateness about the name of his boat, the Alone. He never could convince them that "Alone" should be pronounced as a word of three syllables, and if he did convince any of them they immediately began to hum a foolish parody of "Yankee Doodle," which ran:

Yankee Doodle came to town
All alone; aloney.

After Leona had delivered her ultimatum there was nothing to do but wait until her mother came out of the house. As a matter of course she was invited, but was wise enough to decline.

"I'll chaperon you from the veranda," she said, "and the only stipulation I make is that you do not get off the top of the ocean." Then as the little boat was swinging away from the dock she called after him, "I wish you would bring me home a nice, fresh bluefish."

"Anything to oblige," Leona called back.

"Well, see that you catch something," replied the mother, and laughed.

Marvin Rollins was too busy with ropes and pulleys and the many little attentions a boat requires before she will be entirely obedient to notice this little bit-day of dialogue, and while he was moving about the boat he was handing cushions to Leona so that she could make herself entirely comfortable for the little cruise that he proposed. At last he had everything trim, and they scudded out toward the open sea where a fleet of boats was trolling for bluefish. Leona amused herself for awhile in watching how rapidly they huddled together and then scattered. She inquired the cause of these maneuvers.

"When one of the boats strikes a school of fish all the other fellows rush in to get their share, and when they lose the school they scatter till some one else strikes one, and then they come together again."

At this point Leona's attention was attracted by something else.

"Oh, Marvin!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Look at that wide streak of oil we are crossing. Does that mean that oil is coming out of the bottom of the sea, that there is a Texas gusher under the Great South bay?"

He looked at her curiously to make sure that she was not poking fun at him, but Leona was a good actress and looked entirely innocent.

"Gusher, nothing! That's simply a churning streak."

"And what may a churning streak be?"

"Why, when amateurs go after bluefish they do not use a squid like professionals. They churn for them."

"Well?"

"They chop up mummies and throw them overboard so that they will float down with the tide and make an oily streak that the bluefish will follow up until they strike the baited hooks."

"How horrible! But I always thought that mummies were preserved in spices and such things, and not in oil."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Rollins testily. "I am not speaking of that kind of mummies. The mummies they have down here are little fat fish that they catch with nets to use for churning."

"Oh! But you say that professionals don't fish that way."

"Of course not, unless they can't kill fish in any other way."

"But if it isn't the best way to fish why does any one fish that way?"

"Because gentlemen fish for sport and not for spoil. It is more sport to churn for fish and catch them with a rod and reel."

"Then it is really not good form to fish for bluefish unless your chum for them?"

"Oh, it is all right to catch one or so for a meal, but it is not the thing to do if one is out for sport."

"Well, we are out for sport, aren't we? At least I think I am," she added mischievously.

"Of course, but your mother wants a fish, and this is the only way to get one at present."

"But I do wish that we could churn, Marvin," she said as if entirely unconscious of a double meaning. The poor fellow gasped, for he saw the chance to make the idea of churning lead up to a remark involving their churning together for life. But the very thought of being so daring put him in a funk. Leona looked at him innocently, then with a satisfied smile at the struggle in his mind that was marking itself so evident on his blushing face sank back contentedly among the cushions.

Again the silence fell, and Marvin kept his eye seaward like an able seaman, though not like the host of so pretty a guest. Leona looked at him from time to time and smiled mischievously, for she knew that whenever she liked she could torment him again, as she had often done in the past. He had made at least a dozen futile attempts to propose to her and had been prevented by his bashfulness. On each occasion she could have helped him out and enabled him to speak the momentous words, but it was too much fun to be free, and, though she had always intended accepting him in the end, she could not help putting off the hour of capitulation as long as he showed no evidence of trying to escape. Of course he had run away from her after every attempt to propose, but he always came back. He seemed to move around her in much the same way as a comet goes around the sun. He would approach with ever increasing velocity, just miss embracing and then whirl off in the opposite direction on an orbit of wonderful extent.

"After he has gone around the globe on one of his runaway trips I'll take pity on him and help him out," Leona confessed to her mother. And in spite of her cruelty she cared for him as much as he did for her and had no intention of losing him, but it is true she would much prefer having him do all the proposing himself.

Leona was quite comfortable among her cushions, and it was no small pleasure to her to sit and watch the young giant who kept himself so busy with the sail and tiller. But she made up her mind that she would not speak again until he did. They were almost at the fishing grounds before the silence was broken, and then he remarked:

"I'm going to throw out a line now. Do you care to do the fishing?"

"Anything to pass the time," she said somewhat viciously, for she was tired of the long silence.

He unrolled the line, tied one end of it to a hook in the gunwale and dropped the squid overboard. She took the line and let it troll through the water, while her fingers felt the slight vibration that showed that the hook was clear of weeds. But the fish were

"THEN YOU INTENDED TO ACCEPT ME?"

biting anywhere just then. The boats were all scattering, and time was again hanging heavy on her hands.

"I think you ought to change the name of this boat," she finally exclaimed.

"I have always wanted to," he stammered eagerly, for the name of that boat was a thing that he fondly hoped might yet lead to a successful proposal. But Leona went on as if she were not perfectly aware of the fact that the name of the boat was an anagram of her own name.

"You ought to change it to the Silence of something of that sort. Still I don't know but the name you have used is all right. I remember a stanza from 'The Ancient Mariner' that I feel like quoting:

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

"That's just the way I feel when I am sailing with you."

"And I—I," he stammered, "feel like the next two lines of that stanza."

"Why, what are they?"

"And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

"You don't look much like a man that needed pity," she said, and then added, "And perhaps you haven't ever had a saint on board."

"Well, we—well, won't you take pity on me?"

"I take pity on you? I am no saint, and, besides, I think I have been more in need of pity than you have."

"But not for the same reason—that is, I wish you did need pity for the same reason."

Leona knew what was coming again and wondered a little if he would jump overboard to escape if he failed to propose. As she did not answer him, he tried to go on.

"I wouldn't be so much alone on this boat, and its name is not the Alone, but—I wish I could—you would—er—won't you let me change your other name as I have changed your first name?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, with eyes properly downcast, for he was at last making intelligible headway.

"I mean that Alone is an anagram for your name, Leona, and if you would only be my wife"—

He didn't finish the sentence, momentous as it was. The line had suddenly been snapped out of Leona's hand and was tugging and snapping at the gunwale.

"You've got a bite!" he yelled. "Grab the line quick or you will lose him!"

Leona did as she was told, but again the line was snapped out of her hand.

"Here!" he yelled. "You take the tiller and let me get him."

But Leona was plucky, and she answered:

"You take care of your old boat!"

She caught at the line again in a way that showed that she was thoroughly angry, but he could not understand the reason why. She tugged valiantly at the line for a minute or so.

"Pull faster so that he can't break water and shake out the hook," said Marvin.

But just then the struggling fish gave a particularly vicious spurt. The line cut Leona's tender fingers, and she dropped it with a cry.

"Oh, take the tiller!" cried Marvin almost savagely.

She looked at him wonderingly and did as she was told, but he had eyes for nothing but the line that evidently had a monster fish on it. As soon as he was relieved from the tiller he caught the line and began to haul it in hand over hand.

"Careful now!" he panted. "Don't let her jibe."

And all the while he was tugging at the fish a pair of eyes behind him were getting brighter and brighter with angry fire. The more Leona thought of it the more she felt that she was thoroughly abused. In the first place, it was humiliating that he should let his proposal be interrupted by a mere fish. It looked as if he cared more for the fish than for her. And then the authoritative way in which he had ordered her about! She never thought him capable of it, and, angry as she was, she was inclined to admire this sudden new development of his character.

"It's the finest bluefish in the bay," he muttered between his teeth as he still pulled heroically at the line. Time and again the fish broke water and tried to rush the line so as to tear or shake the hook out of its jaw, but it had been too securely hooked. Indeed, if it had not been hooked beyond all hope of breaking away it would have escaped while Leona was pulling at it and letting the line slip away from her. At last with a shout of triumph he lifted the fish over the gunwale and dropped it on the bottom of the boat.

"Fifteen pounds if it weighs an ounce!" he exclaimed, fairly sputtering with joy and entirely oblivious of what the advent of the fish had interrupted. As Leona made no comment, he glanced from his prize to her face. Its lines were set and rigid.

"Why," he asked with a puzzled air, "aren't you glad I got the fish?"

"Of course I am," she answered icily, "since you seemed to want it so bad."

"What do you mean?" he asked, still more bewildered.

"Well, you seemed to want that fish more than you wanted me!" she snapped.

In a moment he was back where he was before the fish had bitten, but such were his excitement and exhilaration over the capture that instead of stammering apologies, as he would naturally have done, he started off on a roar of laughter that seemed uncontrollable. He was certainly developing wonderfully today. But his laughter was so infectious that the absurdity of the situation dawned on Leona, and she joined in, though not very heartily.

"Well, I don't care!" she grumbled. "I think you are real mean."

"But I have shown myself a good provider."

"Who said that I wanted you to be a provider for me?"

"Oh, no one, of course," he said, still laughing; "but the way you obeyed me was wonderful."

"Well, if you intended to boss me like that I am very glad that the fish interrupted your proposal."

"Then you intended to accept me?"

"I never said so."

"And you obeyed me like a wife of ten years' standing."

"Well, I'll never do it again."

"I'll never ask you to again."

Her face suddenly soured, for she thought he meant he would never ask her to be his wife again, and now that her anger had turned to laughter she was only tensing again. He saw the change and with another burst of laughter brought the boat about so that the sail was between them and the fishing fleet that was rapidly assembling because he had been seen struggling with the big fish. Just what happened behind the sail is better guessed than told, but when they reached the little dock again Leona's mother called to them:

"Catch anything?"

And they both answered:

"Yes."

Boy Soldiers in South America.

In Venezuela, Colombia and other South American countries it is no uncommon thing to see boys of ten or twelve years of age or even younger carrying rifles and marching to battle with the armies which fight in the civil wars of those lands. These boy soldiers are usually of Indian blood, and they fight quite as well as the oldest veteran.

As a Natural Result.

Mrs. Secondtime (peevishly)—My first husband used to let me have my own way in everything.

Mr. S.—And what were the consequences?

Mrs. S.—He died.

No loafer respects a man who works, but a hard working man rather looks up to a man who is smart enough to live in idleness.—Atchison Globe.

Some people are like a river. The only way they can attract attention is by going on a rampage.

CAPTIVATING SIMPLICITY.

The Way John Burroughs Secured a Treasury Clerkship.

Early in the sixties of the last century, when Hugh McCulloch had just been appointed comptroller of the currency to organize the new department under the provisions of the national bank act, there walked into his office, unannounced, one day a stranger dressed in "store clothes" and wearing long hair.

"My name is Burroughs—John Burroughs," said the visitor. "I should like to have a position in your department."

"What do you know about banking?" asked the comptroller, thinking that perhaps in the unique stranger might be discovered some genius of an actuary or accountant.

"Unhappily nothing," replied the applicant.

"Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"Well, who's your congressman? To whom can you refer me?"

"I know no congressman."

"And you expected to get a government position without qualification for the position and without indorsement or backing of any character?"

"I think I could learn office work here, and the salary would be a great help to me in my literary career."

"Oh, you are a writer, are you? What's your line? Poetry, perhaps?"

"I try to write poetry," confessed the visitor.

"Got any of it with you?" asked the comptroller, now considerably amused.

"If so, let's see it."

The poet-naturalist produced a song redolent of early spring. It treated of the chewink, the oven bird and the Carolina wren, with a dainty reference to forest violets and hepaticas.

"This is great," commented the comptroller; "it's right out of the woods."

"Which is more than can be said of the author," observed Mr. Burroughs, thinking of the world of finance which he was seeking to invade.

The comptroller laughed. "And is this all you have in the way of credentials?"

"I have some more poems at home," was the bland and sincere reply.

In much merriment the comptroller summoned an assistant. "Here's the most astonishing instance of ingenuousness I have ever encountered in public life," said he. "That man over there applies for a government position and the only backers that he can name are the muses. Yet this department is not political, and somehow I'm inclined to put the fellow to work. I am captivated by the man's honest simplicity."

So John Burroughs was set to work as a treasury clerk. No appointment ever before had been secured on such a basis and no one since has had the temerity in asking for a government job to cite song birds and wild flowers as his only references.

Some of Mr. Burroughs' old colleagues are still in the treasury service. In telling this story of his appointment they dwell with emphasis upon the excellent work he did in the department, earning rapid promotions and finally securing the responsible position of receiver for a failed national bank in New York, the affairs of which he settled satisfactorily both to the creditors and the government.—Saturday Evening Post.

His Long Sermon.

A Philadelphia clergyman used to relate the following on himself: "I preached a funeral sermon at one time and spoke on the resurrection. I am sure I spoke longer than was my custom.

"The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: 'Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?'

"'Well,' said the brother, 'that is a good sermon.'

"'Yes,' said the undertaker, 'the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection, but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Peeked.

A gentleman tells a good story on his betrothed sister. Visiting his home after a long absence, he was sitting by the side of his sister, with his arm around her waist. Her head drooped on his shoulder in the old, old way. An aunt in the same room enjoyed the affectionate display and remarked, "Why, that looks as if it might be Will"—the name of the young lady's sweetheart. "Indeed," the sister replied, "you never saw Will in this position." "Maybe I have," said the auntie. "Well, if you did you peeked," was the parting shot, which was a practical admission of the soft impeachment.

An Exaggerated Report.

The family doctor had been summoned hastily, and he climbed the tenement stairs with a grave face. A woman was awaiting him in the doorway of a flat.

"I understand little Tommy has swallowed a quarter," he said. "Where is he?"

"Oh, doctor, I'm glad to tell you we've made a mistake," she said blithely. "It wasn't a quarter after all. It was only a nickel."—New York Press.

Placing Him Right.

As a northern express drew up at a station in the early morning for a few minutes' wait a pleasant looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and, inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the guard:

"Isn't this invigorating?"

"No, sir, it is Normanton," said the conscientious employee.

The pleasant looking gentleman retired.—London Telegraph.

A Take Off.

Harry (looking at his whitened coat sleeve)—That isn't much of a compliment to Carrie's complexion.

Esther—I should say not. It's a regular take off.—Boston Transcript.

It is better to write one word upon the rock than a thousand on the water and the sand.—Gladstone.

THE LARGER FOOT.

See If This Shoe Salesman's Theory Fits Your Case.

"The question of which foot to fit first is an important one to us," said the shoe salesman. "It may seem strange to you, but it is rarely that we do not experience some trouble in fitting one foot while the other is easily covered. A popular belief obtains that the left foot of every person is the hardest to fit, and consequently many shoe clerks always try a shoe on that foot first. It is not true, however, according to my observation, that there is any inflexible rule as to which foot to try first. It is true, nevertheless, that in a majority of cases if you succeed in fitting the left foot you will have no trouble with the right. My practice is to try both feet before I pronounce a pair of shoes a perfect fit. Then I am sure of avoiding any mistake growing out of peculiarities of foot formation. No two persons have feet formed exactly alike, and the shoe salesman who thinks so and is governed accordingly will meet with many complaints.

"For some time I pondered over the problem of fitting shoes to feet, and especially as to why the left foot should be considered the standard by which to be governed. The only rational theory I have ever been able to evolve is a very simple one when you come to consider it. Nine out of ten persons you meet are right handed, as we say. About one person in ten, or perhaps the per cent is even less than that, uses his left hand. If you will observe persons who use the right hand when they are standing and talking they invariably rest their weight on the left foot. And vice versa, a left handed person will rest his or her weight on the right foot. The result is that with right handed persons the left foot is probably a fraction larger than the right foot, and the shoe clerk must inevitably find this to be a fact sooner or later."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ROMANCE IN VARIED GUISE.

Definition of the Word Is Susceptible of Wide Diversification.

What is romance? Even the colloquial use of the term is varied. When we say "you are romancing" or call anything romantic as distinguished from what is real or what is true we mean one thing, but quite another when we apply the term romantic to natural scenery. And in this application we must distinguish between the effect upon us of that which we call romantic because of human associations with certain sights or sounds and that wildness of nature which we call romantic because of its absolute dissociation from anything human.

Keeping out of mind the use of the word in artistic and literary criticism, let us try to find what element of reconcilement there is in the diversities of colloquial usage.

In all that is generally called romantic in the cases above mentioned there is the common element of strangeness. We easily revert to what must have been the original sense of the word in its connection with those mediæval modifications of the Latin tongue known as the romance languages. The Saxon or Celt would have found his native tongue sufficient for all ordinary needs, but if he caught the Roman air in any way, by travel or refinement of taste and habit, he would, to meet the newly developed need, borrow the graces of the Roman speech—that is, he would romance.—Harper's Magazine.

Rockefeller and the Bungs.

In former years John D. Rockefeller's supervision of Standard Oil company affairs took in even the smallest detail. On one occasion, according to Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's, commenting on a monthly statement, he called a refiner's attention to a discrepancy in regard to bungs, articles worth about as much in a refinery as pins are in a household. "Last month," he said to the subordinate official concerned, "you reported on hand 1,119 bungs. Ten thousand were sent you at the beginning of this month. You have used 9,527 this month. You report 1,012 on hand. What has become of the other 580?" Apparently Mr. Rockefeller's idea was: Take care of the bungs and the barrels will take care of themselves.

The Mistress' Character.

The London Globe prints a "character" which an English servant leaving kindly gave her mistress: "In answer to your letter, it's not a bad place; the Mrs. understands her duties, and is civil and obliging, but troubles about getting up early in the mornings. There is plenty, and if you don't mind a place where only one other young lady is kept besides yourself, you might give them a month's trial. I like more society, which is why I am leaving."

One Thing Unbroken.

Standing over the shattered remains of their last Dresden china statuette, the exasperated mistress said to the awkward servant:

"Is there anything you haven't broken since you have been with me?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the servant. "I have yet to break me record for destructiveness."—Baltimore American.

His Revenge.

He—And so your answer is final. You will not be mine?

She—Never! But pray don't go and blow your brains out.

He—It would be an idle attempt, people say if I had any brains I never should have proposed to you.

Testing It.

"Say, old man, let's go out and have a big time tonight."

"What are you celebrating?"

"I've just thought out a new excuse to mention to my wife."—Harper's Bazar.

A Clear Case.

She—I've noticed Dr. Singleton calling at the house of that young widow almost every day. She must be pretty ill.

He—Not ill; only pretty.

When our shafts fall to hit the mark we generally have a feeling that it is because the mark is too low.—Puck.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

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H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.,
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
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Office over D. C. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
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HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor.
Lumbee, Penn'a,
First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find
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All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
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Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

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ARE YOU BUILDING?

A new house or repairing an old one? If you are we have everything you need and would like to give you prices.

CEMENT,
LIME,
WALL PLASTER,
BRICK,
DOORS, WINDOWS, &C.,
LUMBER,
SEWER PIPE, LAND TILE,
SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 20, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Haven, on Friday, Aug. 14, a girl.

—George Shillenn, the leading tailor, has a new ad in this issue.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. have a new change of advertisement in this issue.

—During a drunken row near Salamanca last Saturday Patrick Brown was seriously injured in a fight with two reservation Indians.

—Galeton has a big strike on its hands. The men on the Goodyear log trains have struck and this has forced the closing of the mills at that place.

—A woman in Franklin, Pa., believes her husband, who died last May, will be resurrected from the dead through her prayers and return to her.

—Eben Pierce, of Potter county, who killed Myron McNess, mention of which was made last week, will be tried for murder in the Potter county court in September.

—The East Smethport and Norwich base ball teams played a game at the former place Sunday afternoon. The suburbanites walloped the grangers to the tune of 9 to 2.

—Hagberg & Sherburne have a new advertisement in this issue in regard to their meat market. Those who are looking for nice, fresh meat at reasonable prices should give them a call.

—A monument erected by the Swedish Brotherhood of America to John H. Sandstrom was unveiled at Warren on Friday last. The services connected with the unveiling were very impressive.

—Mrs. Effa Beever has bought the Galeton Leader-Dispatch from the Galeton Publishing Company and will conduct the business of that office in the future. Mrs. Beever is an able newspaper woman and she has our sincere wishes for success.

—The outfit in this establishment is in sore straights at the present writing. The proprietors are at the seashore, the editor is in Europe, the business managers are away and about the only thing left is the "devil," who is always with us.—Elk County Gazette. This paper certainly must be a money maker.

—Some of the insurance companies in Denmark have a policy which insures a girl against spinsterhood. When a girl baby is born $225 can be deposited with the company, and if she is unmarried at 30 she receives an annuity of $25, which is increased by $25 every ten years. If she marries before she is 30 she gets the $225 back, and if she dies to her relatives is given $25.

—A correspondent of the Scientific American says: Let anyone who has a case of lockjaw take a quantity of turpentine, warm it, and pour it on the wound, no matter where it is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine. It will give certain relief almost instantly.

—On account of the scarcity of men many of the farmers of Berks county are employing women in the harvest fields and paying them. The women's work is said to be very satisfactory. In it in Scotland that the annual harvest is a sort of leap year affair in which the men are accompanied to the fields, each by a bonny lass not his wife?—Mansfield Advertiser.

His Stupid Mistake.

A well known Londoner was planning an entertainment on an elaborate scale to be given to various friends in the neighborhood of his country seat. Unfortunately his nearest neighbor, a close relative, is highly uncongenial to himself and his intimates, and he racked his brains to devise a scheme by which he might avoid the necessity of inviting the undesirable cousin to be among his guests.

"I have it!" he announced to his wife at breakfast on the morning of the event. "I'll send him some tickets for the play tonight in town. Of course he'll be delighted, as he seldom has an opportunity of going to the theater."

The tickets were accordingly sent and the host with an easy conscience proceeded to enjoy the company of his friends. But his satisfaction was of short duration. At the height of the festivities in walked the objectionable neighbor.

"Such a stupid mistake you made!" he announced as he approached his cousin. As soon as I heard about your party I knew that you must have sent me the tickets for the wrong night, so I got them changed for tomorrow evening and came right over here as soon as I could."—Harper's Weekly.

When Vaughan Washed Windows.

Sir Francis Burnand was at one time with the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater when Manning was superior and Vaughan was novice master. For a jest which had made his fellow novices laugh at a solemn moment Father Vaughan, as he then was, condemned Sir Francis to clean a casement window and volunteered to show him how to do it. Thereupon he stepped out to the liberal window sill, his cassock fluttering in the friendly wind, which, moreover, shut the window. The hasp was then turned, and, the dinner bell ringing, the refractory novice went down to the refectory. In mid meal the superior became aware of a little crowd in the roadway gazing upward. What was the vision? A brief investigation resulted in the release of Father Vaughan and also of the novice. "You a priest!" exclaimed the superior. "Go and make boots." "You still commit to me the care of soles," was the parting sally of the future editor of Punch.—London Chronicle.

Correspondence

LARABEE.

Some people seem to think that Larabee is a little behind the times, but with two telephones in town we now feel that with our many other natural and acquired advantages, as though we are as far advanced along the line of civilization as many other larger towns which have from time to time been trying to teach us what life is like among the favored few. (?).

Miss Sarah McDonald of the Chadwick House and Mr. John Chisholm of Austin were united in marriage at Eldred by Rev. Father Craig on Tuesday morning. The best wishes of their many friends are extended to them as they start out on life's voyage together.

Eugene Crandall returned to Buffalo Friday, after visiting friends and relatives in this region for several days. His mother, Mrs. O. P. Crandall of Turtle Point, accompanied him and will spend some time enjoying the sights and pleasures of that beautiful city.

Mrs. Albert Rice and children returned Friday from a week's visit at the home of her brother Ernest Washburn at Nunsen, who was very seriously injured some two weeks ago.

Master Bennie Carpenter has a contract to supply John Lockwood with 100 quarts of blackberries, which amount he has very nearly delivered.

E. S. Carpenter is remodeling the residence of F. L. Denio at Slack Hollow. When finished it will be one of the finest residences in that region.

F. C. Crandall who was quite ill with lagrippe last week is very much improved and is again performing his usual amount of work.

Mrs. D. B. Morton and daughter Grace of Clermont were guests of Mrs. Fannie Windsor on Monday.

Mrs. A. J. Cosper and daughter Stella of Buffalo are guests of friends and relatives in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Windsor of Clermont were guests at W. E. Windsor's on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Berg of Buffalo were calling on friends in town on Saturday last.

Miss Irene Bills of Buffalo is a guest of her grandmother, Mrs. M. M. Childs.

How Fast a Horse's Feet Move.

Did you ever think, says a horseman, how *fast a horse* in a 2:20 gait moves his feet? When a horse is trotting a 2:20 gait his feet move a little faster than a mile in 1:10. As his body is moving at 2:20 and as each of his feet when in contact with the ground is stationary and then is picked up and moved forward to take the next step the foot must move as much faster than the body as to make the step, which is over twice as fast. Now, the action is: The foot is at rest upon the ground and is raised some one or two feet high, then forced forward nearly the full length of the leg, then lowered to the ground and is at rest for nearly two-thirds of the time that the next step is being taken. The time, nearly two-thirds, I think, is too long, but it is from one-half to two-thirds of the next step.

Differences In Woods.

Timber is classed as hard or soft, and the main point of difference between the trees that produce these classes is that the soft wooded tree has "needle leaves," slim, narrow and almost uniform in breadth, while the hard wood trees have broad leaves of various shapes. Again, some soft wood trees carry cones, such trees being termed conifers. Resin, too, is more characteristic of soft than of hard wood. To the class of soft woods belong the pines, spruces and firs, and the most common examples of these are yellow pine, white fir, pitch pine and spruce or red fir. In the commoner hard woods are oak, beech, mahogany, ash, walnut, plane, elm, birch and ebony.

Colors That Last Long.

As twilight approaches a garden filled with brilliant flowers the red flowers will first lose their gorgeous color as the light diminishes, and then the grass and leaves will appear grayish. The last flowers to part with their distinctive color—white flowers being left out of the account—will be the blue or violet ones. This fact is useful to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twilight.

The Usual Thing.

"I would like to know," asked the parent who had a son in need of some further education, "what is the course at your college?"

"The usual half mile course of cinders and all that sort of thing, you know," absent mindedly replied the president of the great institution.—Exchange.

The Lucky Party.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife.

"It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear."

"Well, yes; it is extremely—for her," was the rejoinder.

The Ruling Passion.

Son—Pa, every now and then I see something in the papers about the "ruling passion." What is it, anyway?

Pa (after a cautious glance around the apartment)—It's a disease your ma is badly afflicted with, my son.

"It"

Is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GENUINE PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

Delhi, the Gem Market.

Delhi remains the center of all Indian art industries. The most skilful jewelers and gem cutters, painters, carvers, embroiderers and craftsmen whose creations could tempt the purse or minister to the fancy of the greater and lesser Moguls have gathered there for centuries, and trade habits are but slowly broken. Along Chandni Chauk plump merchants in snow white clothes and shy jewelers' turbans invite one to their whitewashed, felt floored inner rooms, and there, treading catlike in stockinged feet, they unroll gold and silver embroideries, Kashmir shawls and "camel's hair" stuffs and cover the last inches of floor space with jewels.

Necklaces, girdles and a queen's ornaments are drawn from battered boxes, scraps of paper, cotton cloth or old flannel. Nothing seems quite as incongruous in this land of the misfit and the incongruous as the way in which the jewels of a rajah are produced from old biscuit tins, pickle bottles and marmalade jars. One buys the gems of a temple goddess, and they are laid in grimy cotton wool and packed in rusty little tin boxes of a crudity inconceivable.—From Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore's "Winter India."

Superstition of the Unlucky Thirteen.

When King Arthur founded the famous round table he requested Merlin, the enchanter, to arrange the seats. Merlin arranged one set of seats to represent the apostles. Twelve were for the faithful adherents of Jesus Christ and the thirteenth for the traitor Judas. The first were never occupied save by knights distinguished for their achievements, and when a death occurred among them the seat remained vacant until a knight surpassing him in heroic and warlike attainments should be considered worthy to fill the place. If an unworthy knight sought the chair he was repelled by some magic power.

The thirteenth seat was never occupied but once. The story goes that a haughty and insolent Saracen knight sat down upon it and was immediately swallowed up by the earth. Ever after it was known as the "perilous seat," and, brave as the celebrated knights of the round table are said to have been, not one ever had the courage to sit on the thirteenth chair, and the superstition against it still survives.

Watch a Horse's Ears When Driving.

Whether you drive a single horse or a team the principles are the same, but in driving a pair see to it that each horse does his share of the work and no more. A pair of horses, moreover, unless well driven are sure to get in the habit of wandering over the road.

To drive well you must keep your eye and your mind on the horse. Watch his ears. They will be pricked forward when he is about to shy, droop when he is tired, fly back just before he "breaks" into a gallop and before he kicks. Before kicking, too, a horse usually tucks in his tail and hunches his back a little. When you observe any of these indications, speak to him sharply and pull up his head.

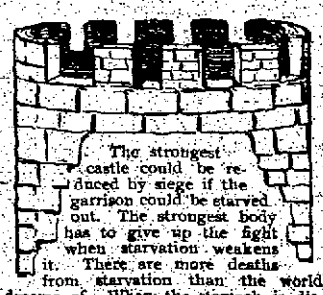
Gypsies and Death.

The custom of placing the property of the dead in their graves has always been followed by the true Roumany gypsies. It is due to some old tradition of ill luck attending the possession of an article whose former owner is gone, and much valuable property is buried in this belief. There is also a sentiment among gypsies against the possession of anything that has belonged to a dead person, because it serves to remind the living of the departed and inspire in them a dread of death. The custom of burying their property with gypsy dead dates from the earliest history of the Romany tribes.

First Test of the Air Pump.

The first public test of the air pump was in 1654 by its inventor, Otto von Guericke, in the presence of Emperor Ferdinand of Germany. Guericke applied the carefully ground edges of metallic hemispheres, two feet in diameter, to each other. After exhausting the air by his apparatus he attached fifteen horses to each hemisphere. In vain did they attempt to separate them because of the enormous pressure of the atmosphere. The experiment was a great success.

The son of the self made man generally begins at the top and works downward.—Chicago Record-Herald.



The strongest castle could be reduced by siege if the garrison could be starved out. The strongest body has to give up the fight when starvation weakens it. There are more deaths from starvation than the world dreams of. When the stomach is diseased and the food eaten is not digested and assimilated, then the strength of the body begins to fail because of lack of nutrition, and the weak body falls an easy victim to the microbes of disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores physical strength in the only possible way, by enabling the assimilation of the nutrition contained in food.

"I was sick for over three years with a complication of stomach troubles," writes Mr. John McCastona, residing at 392 Arch St., Chicago, Illinois. "Had tried every good physician I knew of, as well as many patent medicines, but received only temporary relief. One day a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I immediately procured some and began its use. Commenced to gain the first week, and after I had taken only one bottle I could eat as well as any one without experiencing ill effects. I took five bottles, and to-day am happy to announce that I am as well and healthy as any one could be. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains. You lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or thirty-one stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Coff-Nuts"

A New Substitute for Coffee.

Made from good ground ground-nuts, bettered butter-nuts, and selected figs, chaws and paw-paws, mixed with crisp, sweet flakes of Takachewn, the modern bran-food. The very latest production of the Insanitarium. Boiled for 21 hours, it cannot be distinguished from Roastem, Hikahika, Coffeyetta, Hip-yip or Library Paste. Makes sick men well well men sick and dead men thankful. Why eat real food when there is more money in substitutes?

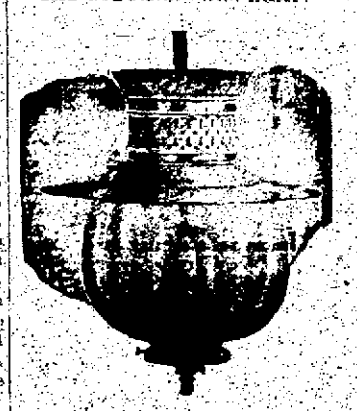
However, if your imagination is inactive, and you prefer genuine coffee straight from the tree. Drink "O. & S. coffee." At

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 20, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Clearfield county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

It is now within the power of the Democrats of this county to keep the Judgeship out of politics. Will they do it?

Union and non-union machinists engaged in a battle at Wheeling, W. Va., Saturday night. One thousand shots were fired but no one was killed and very few were injured.

News comes from New York that Joseph Pulitzer has provided the sum of $2,000,000 to establish a School of Journalism at Columbia University. This may be a good thing unless the "yellow" brand is taught.

Politics in Pittsburg and Allegheny county are again in a fairly mixed condition, and the air seems to be full of fusion. The Citizens party, made up of Republicans and Democrats, will have a ticket in the field with good chances of winning.

The Nebraska Republican State convention endorsed John B. Webster for Vice President of the United States. Mr. Webster has been a lawyer and leading Republican of Nebraska for 30 years. President Roosevelt received the heartiest commendation and a declaration was made for his renomination.

A Pittsburg dispatch dated Aug. 18 says: Senator M. S. Quay arrived in Pittsburg this morning, on his way to his home at Beaver from Southampton, L. I. Early to-day a sensational report was circulated that the Senator had died suddenly on the train while enroute to this city. Mr. Quay is in his usual health.

There seems to be little reason for doubting the correctness of the dispatches from Colombia stating that the Panama Canal treaty has been rejected. The action unquestionably is intended as a bluff to wring better terms from the United States. But the United States will not be disposed to let itself be bluffed.

Governor Pennypacker would no doubt be an ardent advocate of the new school of journalism in connection with Columbia college, if the text books contained his notorious three thousand words of muzzling doctrines and awful pictures of the rack and block for the embryonic cartoonist to contemplate.—Bradford Star.

Men like Root, Hay, Knox and a few others who hold government posts at the sacrifice of private interests are rare in the Republic, and they are rare at a time when the Republic sorely needs the services of wise and able men with no other motives in public office than patriotism and a laudable ambition to win fame of the right kind.

The famous and dangerous volcano, Vesuvius, is causing considerable alarm by threatening another eruption. The whole district around the volcano is shaken by frequent earth shocks and a perfect panic prevails, the population crowding the churches to pray or gathering in open spaces for safety. Experts, however, affirm that so far there is no reason to fear a serious disaster.

A supreme step soon to be taken in the process of providing the Philippine islands with a stable and sufficient currency is the printing and shipment of silver certificates, to be issued in place of the newly coined pesos, which are guaranteed as redeemable in gold. The first installment, amounting to 5,000,000 pesos, equivalent to $2,500,000 in gold, is now being printed at the bureau of engraving and printing, and will be packed and ready to forward in a fortnight.

A Chicago dispatch says that Dowie has started out to change the rules of the national game, base ball. These are some of the rules which have been introduced in the Zion City games: "No bases shall be stolen. Thievery is sinful and must be put down by the faithful. The pitcher shall not use deceit in delivering the ball, for deceit is sinful. The curve must be cut out. There shall be no umpires, for they are a race of liars and their sayings breed strife and discontent. Brethren who meet upon the field must play the game in brotherly love and not in contention and self glorification, for that way lies destruction. Dowie ought to reform that other national game, poker, also.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17, 1903.

Cable communication is again established between the United States and Bogota, the capital of Colombia, but the first news received from that point in several weeks is by no means encouraging for the ratification of the Panama canal treaty and the advocates of the Nicaraguan route are much encouraged. No test vote has been taken in the Colombian Congress, but in committee a large number of amendments were adopted by a vote of 17 to 2 and the two members who voted negatively are in favor of the entire repudiation of the treaty. Senator Cullom, has been in Oyster Bay in conference with President Roosevelt regarding the possibility of getting the acceptance of the treaty by the Senate in its amended form and he plainly told the President that he believed there was little likelihood of the Senate's sanctioning any changes in the convention. Dr. Herran, the Colombian charge d'affaires in Washington, still maintains a hopeful attitude but it is believed that he is almost hoping against hope. By the provisions of the Spooner law, under which the treaty with Colombia was negotiated, the President is instructed to continue negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica, in the event that negotiations with Colombia fail and the representatives of those governments are on the ground and ready to complete a treaty under the most favorable terms.

A report has been received in Washington from Oyster Bay to the effect that there is a possibility of the President's calling Congress in extraordinary session even before the date heretofore announced, November 9. This report is believed to have grown out of a statement made by Senator Aldrich in which he says, "should the President call Congress in session in October or November." It is reported that the members of the sub-committee of the Senate committee on Finance, who have been to Oyster Bay conferring with the President with regard to the financial bill they are charged with drafting, have urged upon Mr. Roosevelt the advisability of authorizing Congress to take up the financial measure in advance of the resolution necessary to put the provisions of the Cuban treaty into effect and that the President has refused to do so, but has said that he would call Congress even earlier than had been anticipated if that was considered advisable by the members of the committee. Politicians and officials in Washington are hoping the rumor proves to be unfounded, as they believe it would be a mistake to attempt to convene a session of Congress before the local elections are over.

There are some very interesting and important State campaigns this year, notwithstanding the fact that it is what is known "as an off year." The campaign already on in Ohio promises to be a hot one. Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland has announced his determination to defeat Senator Hanna for the Senate by securing the election of a legislature hostile to the junior Senator from Ohio. While there is no reason to believe that Johnson can accomplish his end it is appreciated that the Ohio Republicans must be prepared to make a good fight and no member of Congress can be spared from the field in advance of the voting. In Rhode Island there is also a peculiar condition and one requiring close attention. The Democrats have made unprecedented gains in that State and as Senator Aldrich will go before the legislature next year for re-election it is most important that the lost ground be recovered in the approaching campaign. It is the intention of the Republican leaders in that State to conduct a whirlwind campaign with the hope of sweeping all before them and it may become necessary for Senator Aldrich personally to superintend the fight. Situations almost as interesting exist in other States and for that reason the Republican politicians are hoping that the President will not impose on the members of Congress national duties at a time when their services are needed by their party in their own States.

Secretary Shaw, Comptroller of the Currency Ridgely and former Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle have all been at Oyster Bay to confer with the President with regard to the needed financial legislation. Mr. Carlisle was invited to the conference because the President wishes, in so far as may be, to defer to the views of the Democrats and thus insure a large majority for a measure which he and his advisors regard as so essential to the future welfare of the country. In this connection it is pointed out that the financial market is already in a somewhat precarious condition and a scarcity of money when it becomes necessary to send funds west to move the crops might be attended with disastrous results. This argument is doubtless another that is being used with the President in favor of an extra, early session.

Secretary Root has placed his resignation in the hands of the President to take effect as early in the winter as Mr. Roosevelt will permit. Mr. Root sails for Europe on the 22nd of this month to take part in the proceedings of the Alaskan Boundary Commission and will prepare his annual report immediately on his return, when he hopes to be relieved of his present office. Mr. Root has proven so able a secretary of war that his resignation is a matter of sincere regret to the President whose official and personal relations with him have always been most cordial. As, however, every member of the Cabinet serves only at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice the President feels that he cannot longer urge Mr. Root to remain.

While it was at first supposed that Mr. Root's position would fall to Governor Taft and it is still believed that it will be offered to that official, there seems to be some doubt as to the Governor's willingness to accept the position. It is believed that complete civil government will soon be accorded to the Philippines and that then the jurisdiction of the War Department in the Islands will end, so that Governor Taft's knowledge of the islands might not prove of special use were he to become secretary of war.

Subscribe for the MINER.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS.

SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I. X. L. Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I still guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

Notice of Application for a Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Monday, the 31st day of August, A. D. 1903, by Burr Chadwick, Thomas F. Richmond and Sheridan Gorton, all of whom are residents of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and regulation of certain Incorporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Pesadena Mutual Fire Company," the character and object of which is for the manufacture, compounding and sale of drugs and medicines—and of Proprietary, Copyrighted and patent medicines and remedies, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said "Act of Assembly and supplements thereto."

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Solicitors.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, and in all fiduciary capacities, both in the court and personal appointments.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

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DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

No Use Waiting for Hard Times to Come.

BUY THAT BUILDING LOT NOW.

Leave Five or Ten Dollars a month with us and you will have a place ready for a home to be built on in the spring.

Remember

we have building lots in this borough for sale at very reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Plot of these lots showing size, price and location may be seen at the Postoffice, Court House and Bank and other business places. Particulars from officers of the company or inquire at Bank.

SMETHPORT LAND & IMPROVEMENT COMPANY-L'T'D.

W. P. WALSH, President. D. M. BRASTED, Treasurer. GUY McCOY, Secretary.

If This Doesn't Bring You You're Out of Town

This morning we shall begin a sale on

Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing

that shall stand as a record breaker for time to come. We would rather count dollars than Goods. Therefore we are going to trade everything for dollars that we possibly can. That is why so many Suits are going to be sold at such low prices. If you don't come in you certainly out of town.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Same will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

ORDER NOW.

You may order that suit by mail if you cant come personally. Out of town folks are handicapped somewhat. Can't come right away when we advertise cut prices, and so we continue our semi-annual clearance sale all July.

All Summer Clothing Reduced.

Men's Suits, Trousers, Boys' Suits, Shirts, Underwear, etc., to prices about ¼ less.

No profit left. We know that.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY

"Gold and Silver" Brand Shirt Waists, Shirts & Collars. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Ask for

Cash Tickets

redeemable in Chinaware,

Or

Red Trading Stamps.

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

MEN'S BOYS and LADIES' OXFORDS.

TWO GREAT BARGAINS IN *MEN'S OXFORDS.*

$3.00 OXFORDS at $2.19 $3.50 OXFORDS at $2.69.

They come in all sizes in different styles and shapes and are guaranteed to wear.

The $3.00 Oxfords at $2.19

are made of box calf and patent leather. All are lace in all toe shapes and all sizes.

The $3.50 Oxfords at $2.69.

The uppers are made of patent coltskin, the soles are strictly handwelted; all the modern toe shapes and lasts are here, all sizes and widths.

Ladies Queen Quality Oxfords

$3.00 Grade $2.48. $2.50 Grade $1.98.

Boys' Pat. Coltskin Oxfords

$2.50 Quality $1.98.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

An Unassailable Position.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only through Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best that anybody can make. As a result the Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends and customers than any other gas range on the market. Come in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner,

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 20, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Fry & Herzog have an interesting ad to-day.

—Austin vs. Smethport to-morrow at Kane field.

—Read Holmes & Gilfillan's new ad in this issue.

—A. L. Colegrove is having his house on Main street repainted.

—E. W. Jones has placed a new platform in front of his livery barn.

—Mrs. Orlo. J. Hamlin gave a "rabbit" for a small party last Thursday evening.

—A new use has been discovered for capsicum. For further particulars inquire of George Brownell.

—"Bill" Andrews is in Wellsboro preparing to run with a hose team of that place at Galeton this week.

—James A. McKean has purchased of George Brennan a fine carriage horse. This animal is one of the best in town.

—The Sunday school of All Saints', East Smethport, had a picnic on Thursday of this week which was a fine success.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford opens for the fall term August 31. This is one of the most successful schools in Pennsylvania.

—Lawrence Herzog, who has been in a Buffalo hospital for treatment, has returned to his home in Farmers Valley. He is much improved.

—The Austin ball team will play an exhibition game with Smethport at Kane field to-morrow (Friday) afternoon. A good game may be expected.

—St. Luke's Sunday school had a picnic at Island Park on Wednesday and a large number of parents, children and friends were in attendance.

—A pleasant little dancing party was given at the Lyceum last evening. The High School orchestra furnished music and light refreshments were served.

—The battleship Pennsylvania will be launched at Cramp's shipyard next Saturday afternoon. Miss Coral Quay, youngest daughter of Senator Quay, will christen the new boat.

—The thirty-seventh national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is being held at San Francisco, Cal., this week. The attendance is very large and all are having a good time.

—Pat Rogers, one of the six men who broke from the Butte, Montana, jail on the night of August 8, has written a letter in which he says he will give himself up if City Detective Murphy will fight him a duel. Murphy has accepted the challenge.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10.30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The Rev. Allen C. Prescott of Cuba, N. Y., will preach.

—Vernon S. Lillibridge, a son of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lillibridge of Port Allegany died at his home in that place on Wednesday of last week, aged 21 years.

—Island Park is growing more beautiful every day. Too much credit cannot be given C. H. Gleason for his untiring efforts toward making this a most beautiful spot.

—John Bardunier was stabbed in a fight at Dreamy Land Inn, Coudersport, one night recently and as yet the officers have been unable to bring the guilty party to justice.

—Mary E. Curtis of Farmers Valley has been granted a re-issue of pension of $14 per month, to date from September 20, 1901, through the agency of E. R. Sherman of Bradford.

—Chicago was 100 years old Monday. Just a century ago the first spade full of earth was turned in the construction of Fort Dearborn. Chicago is reported to be quite lively for one of its age.

—"Baseball" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. All players and lovers of the game are especially invited. The morning subject is "Hope in Sorrow."

—Mr. William Ladlee of Coudersport and Miss Nora Lee who resides on the Marvin creek road were united in marriage by Rev. Gaylard H. Patterson at the M. E. parsonage Tuesday afternoon.

—All indications point towards a successful year in the Clarion State Normal school. The faculty has been increased and strengthened and the standard of efficiency has been made equal to that of the best schools in this or any other State.

—The Austin and Smethport ball teams have arranged for a series of five games outside of the league games and if each team should win two the deciding game will be played on neutral ground for blood. Smethport has won one and the game to-morrow is the second in the series.

—An exchange tells of a farmer who has kept a flock of sheep 14 years and has not had them attacked by dogs even once, the flocks on adjoining farms having been ruined. The flock always wear between five to eight bells of different sizes and tones. It is said there is not a dog in the world with sufficient courage to attack a flock well supplied with bells.

—Mrs. M. J. Williams of Ceres, N. Y., who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Gleason, fell and fractured her arm last Saturday afternoon. She was in the act of stepping over a board which had been placed in a doorway to keep the baby in when her foot caught and she fell with the above result. The fracture was reduced and the unfortunate lady is improving as fast as possible for one of her age.

—A Wellsville dispatch, dated August 17, says: As the result of the explosion of 25 sticks of dynamite under a bank of blue clay in the new cut of the Shawmut railroad, a chunk of clay the size of a man's head was thrown 200 feet, striking Edward Williams of Chicago, an engineer of a steam shovel, and injuring him so badly that he died a few hours later.

—A very enjoyable party was given last Thursday evening by Misses Masser, Day and Jackson at the residence of F. G. Lindholm, where a most pleasant time was had. Later in the evening most of the party repaired to the hose house where they held a quiet little dance until the wee sma' hours. A number of guests from out of town were present.

—Sunday on the Derrick City grounds the Derrick City base ball team defeated the Company C team by the amazing score of 41 to 1. Sammy Delo, the local twirler, was in fine fettle and needed no support aside from Catcher Wilson striking out 21 men and catching one pop fly, making 23 put outs for the battery alone, out of a possible 27. This breaks all local records.

—A reward of $500 has been offered by the commissioners of Elk county for the arrest and conviction of the person who assaulted Miss Charlotte Singer of Ridgway on the afternoon of August 10. The description of the man as given by Miss Singer is that he weighs about 180 pounds, is about 5 feet, 10 inches in height, has light hair, combed pompadour, smooth shaven face, two upper gold teeth, thick lips, light coat and trousers.

—James J. Jeffries is still champion heavyweight fighter of the world. At San Francisco last Friday evening he whipped James Corbett in ten rounds for that honor. Corbett was not knocked out but was so badly whipped at that time that he threw up the sponge. Jeff. surprised everybody with his improvement in quickness and generalship and all predict that it will be a long time before he is defeated if he takes care of himself.

—There is a genuinely interesting plot and a well sustained story in "A Daughter's Devotion," in which Miss Alma Stirling will be seen again this season as a star, playing the part of "Lena Snydor." Miss Stirling is given every opportunity in this piece to display her talents as one of the most accomplished and artistic of the younger school of comediennes. Miss Stirling has no equal as a delineator of dainty Dutch character. The high class attraction will be at the Smethport Lyceum Thursday evening, Sept. 17.

The Costly Yacht Races.

Whether he wins or loses, Sir Thomas Lipton will have reason to feel a sense of relief when the yacht races which will begin to-day (Thursday) are over. The New York Sun has been thinking a calculation of the total cost of the race this year to Sir Thomas, and it places his expenditure at about $700,000. He says that he does not know the cost, as he is aiming to win regardless of the expense, which is evident from the circumstances.

Thirty-three vessels, including launches, and 205 men are employed by Sir Thomas Lipton to help win the America's cup, which has now been in possession of American yachtsmen for fifty-two years. No such costly race has ever before taken place, though each race has cost a great deal of money on both sides in necessary expenditures. The Irish baronet alone bears all the expense on his side, while the cost of the defense is divided among sixteen of the richest men of this country, including some from Philadelphia.

The Lipton fleet includes the two Shamrock yachts—old and new—the steamship Erin, the ocean tug Cruiser, the steamer William Fletcher, a house-boat, a barge, launches and so on. The total cost of his new yacht, including its various sails and experiments, is placed at $450,000. Like Shamrock II the new yacht is only valuable for racing purposes, and if it loses can only be sold at a fraction of its cost.

The first of the series of races is scheduled for to-day and as the betting is two to one on the Reliance it does not seem that Lipton's chances of winning are very good.

Challenge From John W. Voorhees.

John W. Voorhees is seeking the worst case of dyspepsia or constipation in Smethport or vicinity to test Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of those diseases.

Take advantage of Mr. Voorhees' challenge and secure a bottle of Dr. Howard's specific at half price, with his personal guarantee to refund your money if it does not help you.

There is no need of suffering with constipation, dyspepsia or liver disease when you can get sixty doses of a scientific medicine for their cure like Dr. Howard's specific for the small sum of 25 cents.

Homeseekers' Excursions,

tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month now until November via Nickel Plate road to principal farming sections in the west and southwest at greatly reduced rates, good return limits. Tri-weekly transcontinental tourist sleeping car service; dining cars also serve club meals at 35c to $1, and meals "a la carte." See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned in Sergeant township, August 4, 1903, eight head of young cattle. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges.

C. N. Bates, Bayer Farm.

Clermont, Pa., Aug. 5, 1903.

Easy Money

can be made by a small investment in one of our hammocks. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Conductor David Barr spent Sunday in Kane.

Miss Nellie Masser is visiting friends in Cuba, N. Y.

John E. Mullin of Kane had business in town Tuesday.

Hon. Henry Hamlin had business in Buffalo this week.

Miss Mae Ryan of Olean is the guest of friends in town.

Mrs. T. L. Sartwell of Eldred is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. John Chapman of Olean is visiting friends in town.

Miss Cummings of Buffalo is the guest of the Misses Forrest.

T. H. Purtle was in Austin on the usual mission Tuesday.

Leos Herzog and Koenig visited Eldred friends last Sunday.

Sheriff Mays had business in Kane and vicinity over Sunday.

Miss Mazie Hanley of Duquesne, Pa., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Alice Taylor of Harrisburg is visiting Mrs. C. A. Burdick.

H. H. Hills of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and daughter returned Monday from St. Marys.

Carroll Douglass of Bradford was visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Anna Divanny of Johnsonburg is the guest of Miss Sadie Connolly.

Harry Hallman, who is on a U. S. Navy training ship, is home on a visit.

R. B. Howard and wife of Boston are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove.

Hon. John Ormerod of Coudersport was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Miss Ethel Folger of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. J. Hamlin.

"Judge" J. R. Haughney of Eldred made this place a business visit Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Sprague of Buffalo are guests of A. T. Palmer and wife.

S. A. Powell has returned from a business trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Farner of Hazelhurst were guests of Smethport friends on Saturday.

Mrs. W. I. Lewis of Coudersport is the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. H. Colegrove.

Miss Alice Tappan of Mt. Jewett was the guest of friends in town Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Boorn of Johnsonburg are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hopper.

Charles Church of Titusville is renewing acquaintances among his numerous Smethport friends.

Max Wedell, who has been visiting in Clermont and this place, has returned to his home in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick, who have been at Harrisburg for the past week, came home Monday.

Miss Bertha Kerns left Tuesday for a visit with relatives in Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Carlisle.

Ed Bruner, who has been spending several weeks at the summer resorts, returned home Friday.

Rev. H. C. Bayley of Portville was the guest of Rev. C. H. Patterson the forepart of the week.

Mrs. W. S. Haines and Mrs. Churchfield of New Castle are visiting Smethport friends this week.

Mrs. T. F. Humiville, two children and Mrs. Mary Hussey left to-day for a visit to Chautauqua lake.

Miss Katherine Pelton left for Buffalo Tuesday, where she has accepted a position in a millinery store.

Miss Martha Eckels returned to her home in Kane Tuesday after a pleasant visit with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Todd and children returned Monday from a week's visit with Port Allegany friends.

Miss Calder of Utica, N. Y., who has been visiting the Misses Forrest, returned to her home on Monday.

Miss Clara Gardner, who has been visiting Miss Marie Jackson, returned to her home in Pittsford, N. Y., yesterday.

John Maloy of the Olean Ledger was a visitor in town last Thursday and Friday. He was a pleasant caller at this office.

Misses Bessie and Esther Engstrom returned Tuesday from an extended visit with friends and relatives in Jamestown, N. Y.

Misses Georgia and Genevieve Crosby left last Friday for a six weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Spartansburg and Conneaut Lake.

Mrs. A. A. Hoffman and Miss Marie McGill left Tuesday for Philadelphia and Atlantic City where they will be the guests of friends for a few weeks.

Vacation Rates.

Nickel Plate Road now selling daily special excursion tickets to Salt Lake City, Denver, Hot Springs, S. D., El Paso, St. Paul, etc., including the principal tourist resorts in the West, at exceeding low rates, good returning to Oct. 31st. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Mrs. F. T. Charnock has a stock of artistic patterns for stamping shirt waists. Those wishing something in this line should call on her at once.

To Let.

Rooms, furnished or unfurnished. Inquire of Mrs. A. Schoonmaker, East Smethport, Pa.

The Yellow Trading Stamps with EVERY purchase, at Wm. Monheimer's.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

If Wm. Monheimer makes reductions that are genuine.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

BEST VALUES—YELLOW TRADING STAMPS BESIDES.

Shirt Waists Half Price.
Parasols Half Price.

AUGUST BLANKET SALE.

There's decided economy in buying Cotton Fleeced Blankets early this year.

Months ago before the big advance in raw cotton had affected the price of manufactured goods we placed a large order for blankets to be delivered when ready.

150 prs. of them are here now and they are as fine a lot of fleeced blankets as you ever looked upon. We saved in the buying about 15 per cent over the fellow who delayed his purchases until the usual blanket buying time.

This saving is yours if you make your selections while this lot lasts.

The prices run like this:

10-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair 50c.
10-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, 65c.
10-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, pink, fancy plaids and stripes, per pair, $1.00
11-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, $1.00
12-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, $1.25
11-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, $1.35
12-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, $1.75

There is a clear saving of from 15c to 25c per pair on this lot. Buy them now.

LADDERS

LONG

LADDERS

MEDIUM

LADDERS

SHORT

Just what you want for fruit picking and a hundred other things. They are made of the best material and are light, strong and durable.

STEP-LADDERS

That you don't need to be afraid to climb on. Were not made for an ornament but for use. Are the strongest, most durable and convenient Step-ladder on the market.

FRUIT JARS.

The Royal, the jar that makes canning a pleasure. A large stock of Jelly Tumblers, Can Rubbers, Preserving Kettles, all kinds and sizes. Prices always the lowest.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Diamonds

and

Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an elegant line of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

Hagberg & Sherburne's New Meat Market

is the place where everything is neat and clean, and every branch of the business is run in a first-class manner.

We have bought and completely renovated the Hussey Market on Main street and now we are prepared to supply our customers with the choicest of meats, fish, poultry, etc., at very reasonable prices, and we guarantee every article bought at our market to be the best to be had.

Come and look over our market and stock and we are certain that you will be our customer in the future.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE LITTLE COACHMAN

By Elliot Walker

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There was more than a suspicion of snow in the dampness of the late twilight, now darkening rapidly as the dismal clouds above closed pall-like over the city streets.

The well clad business man, the sturdy laborer with no overcoat, swinging his dinner pail by rough red fingers; the factory girl hugging herself within a faded shawl, the smart clerk, the trim saleslady—all pressing on, leaving their workday behind.

Among them glided a small, wiry man, stepping fast where open spaces gave him expeditious advantage. His head was bent, his cap pulled over his eyes and the collar of his heavy box coat turned well up to hide all view of the face and head save a glimpse of grizzled, close cropped hair, a jutting nose and quick eyes.

Presently he slipped down a side street, keeping close to the smooth walls of the high brick buildings, then with a lessened speed moved cautiously into a dark alley. A few moments later found him in a poorly lighted saloon knocking softly upon the closed door of a room to the left of the unattractive bar.

"Come in," sounded a low call, and the man entered.

At a round table sat two men, both of genial appearance and in apparently good keeping with their dingy surroundings.

A gas jet flickered dimly from the tarnished fixture on the cheap papered wall, glimmering on the empty glasses and the bottle ornamenting the table between them.

"Turn up that light and sit down, Pennock. I got your note. What's the news?" remarked the elder of the occupants to the newcomer.

"It looks like a chance tomorrow night, Mr. Gradley," began Pennock in a deliberate whisper.

"S-sh!" said the other warningly. "We'll drop names, I guess," and his companions nodded. "Have a drink?" he added.

"No, I must skip back. The old man's particular, you know. He won't keep a coachman a minute if he smells of liquor."

"How about the first time you met us?" grinned the third man.

"That was a night off," replied the coachman soberly. "I know better now. Gentlemen, if I turn the boy over to you what do I get?"

"Twenty years if you're caught," said Gradley facetiously. "That's what we will all get. If we work things right it means a fortune for you."

Pennock's gray eyes were expressionless in their stare. His thin, close shaven lips set anxiously. "But I've got to get away," he objected. "I'm the one they'll look for, of course. I'll need money. It's run and hide for weeks perhaps, and I've but a few dollars. You gents led me into this; not but what I was willin', but it looks ticklish now. Give me a thousand down when I place the kid with you—a thousand, see; if not, I swear I won't take the risk. I know the inside of a jail, and I don't like it."

THE CONSPIRATORS WERE YANKED VICIOUSLY TO THE ICY PAVEMENT.

His companions, leaning on their elbows, covered their hard mouths with compressed palms and gazed thoughtfully in each other's eyes.

"You two are as safe as fleas," went on the coachman. "I'm to provide the scum and get rid of it. You're landed at the place you've picked out with what you've been after these two months. Where am I? Escapin' for my life or just as bad. A thousand ain't a penny too much; no, not five thousand with what you'll get."

"Hush!" hissed Gradley through his fingers. "Tomorrow night, you say. Deliver the goods and it's yours. Then get out and keep hidden until you hear from us. Where shall we meet?"

"Carter street, corner Hammond avenue, between 9 and 10 o'clock. I'm drivin' him home from a kids' party and he'll be alone. That's it."

The little coachman put on his cap, buttoned his coat, nodded significantly with a finger on his lips and the door closed softly behind him. Then he passed quickly through the outer room and out again to the dark alley now whitening fast with swirling snowflakes.

* * * * * * *

"I'm 'bout the last one to leave, Pennock," said little Philip Vaughn, as the coachman tucked him in. "It's most 10, ain't it? I had a lovely time. Ridin' home alone in the big sleigh is fun too. Have some candy? I've got two bags."

"No, Flip (every one called him Flip), I don't go much on candy."

His stern countenance was unlike as he mounted the box.

Three blocks and he slowed up and stopped, to jump down with the reins in one hand, bending over to open the heavy door.

"Two gentlemen, friends of your father, Flip," he whispered. "I'm going to give them a lift."

"All right," murmured the six-year-old sleepily. "L' 'em pile in."

A few cautious words, the handing of a small package to the driver, and a whisper of advice from that worthy. "He's almost asleep. No need to done him."

The millionaire's sleigh slid rapidly on through the lighted streets. Inside it was very dark and still. The child snuggled against the warmth of the villain beside him and his little head fell lower and lower.

Now they were going faster and turned a corner sharply to stop with a jerk.

On each side the curtained doors were violently wrenched outward. The conspirators within, too startled for resistance, found themselves in the relentless clutch of uniformed men who yanked them viciously to the icy pavement with fierce commanding words.

The abductors glared wildly at their captors, then at the entrance toward which they were being roughly hustled. Over it, in black, forbidding letters, plainly to be read in the steam from a nearby arc light they saw "Police Station."

"Tuck that boy in. Tell him it's all right, and we're going straight home," rippled a sharp voice from the box as a shrill wail issued from the interior of the equipage. "Lock those fellows up in separate cells."

A big officer touched his cap. "We'll take care of 'em, sir," he called respectfully, and the little coachman drove on.

"Oh, that's Ellerton, the detective," he added to a curious bystander. "Smartest man in the west for this sort of thing. Old Vaughn sent for him three months ago. Seems he got an inkling that his boy was being watched. Neat, wasn't it—his landing 'em right here at the door?"

But the next morning little Flip wondered what had become of his friend, and if he should like the new coachman half as well.

The Thin Man's Adventure.

They were talking of strange adventures. The big man from the northwest told of one which astonished his hearers.

"Some years ago," he said, "I was sleighing in the country, and my way lay across a frozen river. I knew the ice was thin, but I was determined to cross. The team scurried over the river under whip, and we were midway between the shores when the ice suddenly gave way, and the sleigh, horses and myself sank within a second to the bottom. However, the speed of the horses was so great that we were carried by the momentum safe upon the other shore, a little wet to be sure, but not much the worse for that."

The thin, silent man had listened with great interest to the story.

"It is strange," he said, "that the same sort of an accident happened to me. The issue, however, was more tragic."

The big man squinted at the speaker. "And what was the issue?" he asked suspiciously.

"Well, I was drowned," said the thin man seriously.

A Joke That Led to Butchery.

What citizens of old were cruelly punished for joking about their emperor?

This fate befell the citizens of Alexandria. Caracalla, a monster of atrocious cruelty, left Rome about a year after the murder of his brother Geta, who had shared the throne with him, and spent the remaining five years of his reign in the provinces of his empire until his death, A. D. 217.

While peace prevailed he visited Alexandria, a chief center then of wit and learning, and there some one hung up in the theater a joke made at the emperor's expense. This so enraged Caracalla that he caused the citizens to be assembled outside the city on the plain and told them that they should shortly see that his wit was practical.

Then from a secure post in the temple of Serapis he directed the slaughter of many thousand innocent citizens and strangers and coolly informed the senate that all had been alike guilty of unpardonable insolence.—London Answers.

Evil Days For Actors.

At a time when, as Ben Jonson says, "nothing but filth of the mire" was uttered on the stage, laws were made in England against stage playing. In 1584 common players were debarred from Oxford university. By an act passed in 1598 strolling players were punishable as rogues and vagabonds, with whipping and imprisonment unless they belonged to a nobleman and had his license, and even this exception was abolished by another act passed in 1604.

It was further enacted in 1625 that players acting on a Sunday should be fined 5 shillings or placed in the stocks. The powers of the cities of London and Westminster with their environs were augmented by an ordinance of 1647 by which all players were brought within the scope of the acts of 1598 and 1604.

By an ordinance passed in 1648 galleries were to be removed, the actors whipped during market hours in some market town, the spectators fined 5 shillings each and all money paid for admission forfeited and disbursed in relief of the poor.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

A FLIGHT FROM RUSSIA.

What Tennyson's Father Knew About Emperor Paul's Assassination.

Shortly after the assassination of Emperor Paul of Russia Tennyson, the late poet laureate, dined with Lord St. Helens, the British ambassador, in Moscow. Several Russian officers of high rank whose names he did not know were also guests. During dinner a guarded reference was made to the emperor's death. "Why do you speak so gingerly about a matter so notorious?" cried Tennyson impulsively, leaning across his neighbor, a Russian whose breast was covered with orders. "We know very well in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered. Count Zoboff knocked him down, and Benningsen and Count Pahlen strangled him." There was a strained silence; then the ambassador abruptly changed the subject. As the guests filed out into an adjoining room Lord St. Helens drew Tennyson aside. "Don't go into the next room," he whispered, "but fly for your life. The man next you, across whose breast you leaned, was Count Pahlen, and Zoboff was also at the table." He gave a few hurried directions, and Tennyson rushed off, threw his clothes into a portmanteau and fled behind fast horses to Odessa, still in evening garb, though the cold was intense. He lay hidden for weeks, and at last, in the disguise of a servant, was smuggled on board an English frigate.

A Kind Action.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature, says Sydney Smith. It is easily done—a kind gentleman to the rude who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving. Trifles in themselves as light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours, and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old, and if you are old it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result—you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is 365 during the course of the year. And suppose you live only forty years after you commence that kind of medicine you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

Forests and Human Vitality.

One has but to look back through history to see how closely related is the forest to human vitality. It was in the forests of Thessaly that the early Greeks received their energy that later flowered into genius. It was the forest dwellers of Germany that conquered decadent Rome and later gave to Spain the vigor that swept back the Moor and brought under her flag almost the whole known world. But today what is Greece, what is Italy, what is Spain? They have been stripped of their forests, those nurseries of vigor, and their decay has set in. Everywhere the law holds good. It is in the forest that the mankind is nourished which builds up great civilizations. But cities arise, trees are swept away, and the inevitable decline sets in. Forests once destroyed cannot return, and over all the sites of ancient civilization are blowing the desert sands.—Arthur Goodby in New York Times.

Servants In Sofia.

"Twice a year, on April 23 and Oct. 26," writes a young Bulgarian woman living in Sofia, "our streets are full of servants, and people bargain with them for service. During the winter season they are very cheap, as the peasants send all their girls to the city to be hired, they having no work for them at home. The price paid differs. One can get a girl for her board, or pay up to 20 lusor (84) a month for one who cooks, washes and irons. Girls are often thankful to enter a good family for their board. For the men there is very little work, and the papers are full of suicides on account, during the dull seasons of starvation."

The Candlefish of Puget Sound.

Very queer fish are caught in the waters of Puget sound. One kind is called the candlefish. It is dried and packed in boxes like candles. We are told the fishermen use them to light their homes and that at one time all the boats on the sound used them instead of sperm oil lamps. By putting the heads of the fish downward in a candlestick and lighting the tail, which, in conjunction with the backbone, acts as a wick, it burns like a candle. They eat this fish, and when cooking it is so fat it fries itself.

An Ancient Work on Angling.

The greatest work of antiquity on angling is said to be the "Halieutica" of Oppian, a Greek poet who flourished in the time of Severus, A. D. 198, from which we learn that many artifices in fishing thought to be modern were known to ancients. We also learn from Athenæus that several other writers had written treatises or poems on fishing some centuries before the Christian era.

His "Turnout."

Clerkley—Isn't this earlier than your usual time for going home?

Barkley—Yes, but my wife said if I came out by the 3:45 she'd meet me with the carriage.

"I didn't know you kept a horse and carriage."

"Er—er—it's a baby and carriage."

Explicit.

Van Quizz—Where does young Chipston work?

Fitz-Bile—In a wholesale grocery concern.

Van Quizz—I know, but for whom?

Fitz-Bile—Oh, for a gambling house.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

USES FOR NETTLES.

They Are Good to Eat and Furnish Thread and Clothing.

There was a time once when the common nettle was not the unsavory despised weed it is now. People did not root it out of existence or shun it as a nuisance, but cultivated it for use as food, for clothing and for paper manufacture.

It certainly does not look inviting as a food, and yet during the Irish famine hundreds of poor people existed entirely on it, cooking the young plant as greens. There was a method of blanching it by "earthing up," as is now used for sea kale.

Animals, while refusing to touch the growing nettle, devour it eagerly when made into hay, and in Russia, Sweden and Holland it is mowed several times a year for fodder.

The common name given to the nettle in some languages means "that with which one sews," for the fiber was used as a thread several centuries ago. In Kamchatka the natives use the thread for fishing lines and cordage. In France it is used for paper. In Hindustan and China it is woven into grass cloth, and the Scotch have prepared, spun and woven it into as good linen as the flax makes.

The Chinese nettle yields a fiber as soft as silk, and there is now in Ingeden a "China grass" manufactory devoted to the industry of weaving cloth from this and the common nettle.—Stray Stories.

Resurrection Major Pond.

Major Pond was never upset in difficulties. Once he was traveling with Ian Maclaren. There was a breakdown on the railway and the prospect of a lecture engagement being missed and £1,000 lost. What he did was to telegraph a long and merry message to the audience about the breakdown, saying he and Ian Maclaren would be arriving not more than half an hour late. Singing was provided to entertain the audience. When the half hour was up in came another telegram more cheerful than ever, saying that they were coming along and that Ian Maclaren was determined to lecture to that audience if all the railways in the world had broken down.

The Americans are an emotional people, and they were interested. Every twenty minutes in came a fresh telegram with something funny and bright about it and always declaring that the great novelist was advancing. It was half past 10 when the couple reached the platform, and the welcome given them was hilarious.

A Natural Weather Vane.

It was an old belief that if the preserved body of a halcyon or kingfisher were suspended by a thread from the ceiling its bill would always turn toward the quarter from whence the wind was blowing.

Thus Barabas in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" says:

"But now how stands the wind?
Into what quarter peeps my halcyon's bill?
Ha! To the east? Yes."

Shakespeare also alludes to it in "King Lear" when Kent in his reply to Cornwall rebukes those who—

"Turn their halcyon's beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters."

In more modern days a stuffed kingfisher has been seen hanging from the beam of a cottage ceiling at Botley, near Southampton, and in other places of that neighborhood, where there is a kindred belief that if a dead kingfisher is hung up by its beak its breast will turn with the ebb and flow of the tide.

Cassius M. Clay as a Fighter.

General Cassius M. Clay fought many duels in his day, usually with his long bladed knife, meeting pistol or rifle equally with that trusty weapon. His physical strength was gigantic. He was accustomed to the use of weapons, and he was always cool and never lost his judgment. For example, when an adversary shot him and he supposed he was done for he inflated his lungs to the full, conscious that he would live as long as he could hold his breath; then he drew his knife and did his bloody work. That was when he killed Turner. After all, speaking musingly, reviewing his life, he confessed to a reporter when he was above eighty-four that he was opposed on principle to the duel, thinking it a savage way to settle a difficulty. "But there are some cases for which it seems to be the only remedy," he added.

A Beautiful Toast.

On a grand day in the old chivalric times, when the lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, when it came to St. Leon's turn he lifted the sparkling cup on high and gave them this: "I drink to one," he said, "whose image never may depart, deep carved on the human heart, till memory is dead." With that he paused as if he would not breathe her name in careless mood thus lightly to another, then bent his noble head as though to give that word the reverence due and gently said, "My mother!"

Fatal Plans.

She—I believe every man is the architect of his own fortune.

He—Yes, but the trouble is most men spend so much time on the plans that they have none left for building.—Exchange.

A Hard Subject to Handle.

Dauber—I will guarantee to paint anything called for.

Dealer—Good! Do me a speaking likeness of a dumb waiter.—New York Times.

The park surrounding Blenheim palace is 2,700 acres in extent and twelve miles around.

Guilt has very quick ears to an accusation.—Fielding.

INSURANCE.
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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant-Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Members of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Manson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKibbin, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisdale.
Prothonotary—S. E. Belt, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chontz, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. B. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broader.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Bickberg, president; Miss Tena Rayner, secretary; C. D. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. P. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, B. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—C. H. McCoy, C. C. Chontz.
Judge of Election—S. A. Jackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burningham, E. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELT, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUKENZON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Buckus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MOLLIE L. BROWER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

B. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 31, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. BENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 55, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
J. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Garlord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday, at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11:0 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Collegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Glean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:08 a. m.
Train 160, week days..... 2:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 14, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 2, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:45 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 7:30 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 49 daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 10:23 a. m., week days (10:30 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, 11:55 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 61, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 67, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	Weekdays STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 05
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 49
10 37	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 10	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points, and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:30 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train 10 Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points; connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 8:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Tab'e No. 16. Passenger Train Schedule.

Effective May 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	3:30	8:10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8:00	12:10	
5:07	1:20	6:28	Pt. Pleasant	7:20	11:48	5:00
5:10	1:40	6:31	Hazelhurst	7:16	11:45	4:21
5:18	1:55	6:37	Marvindale	7:09	11:38	4:14
5:23	2:00	6:40	Kasson	7:05	11:34	4:10
5:28	2:07	6:47	Cones	7:00	11:27	4:03
5:34	2:25	6:55	Smethport	6:50	11:10	3:55
				a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5:51	2:25	9:14	Smethport	7:00	11:10	3:55
6:06	2:37	9:26	Mull n	6:50	11:00	3:28
6:10	2:38	9:27	Farmers Valley	6:48	11:07	3:25
6:21	2:46	9:34	Colrywille	6:40	11:00	3:15
6:30	2:50	9:40	Intrahee	6:35	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt., St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. KENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar	Dp	Lv Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7:05	2.10	Ulysses	7:20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.00	Crowell	7.27	2.30	9.19
7.46	6.	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.23
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.05	10.03
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.02	1.04	Frinks	8.12	3.15	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.00	7.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	6.28	6.00	1.28
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.57	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.50	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Fort Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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THE SOUND OF THE SEA

By Zoe Anderson Norris

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NEISHA, standing at the window of the room, held a seashell to her ear. By her on an onyx table was a vase, a sea gull with wings curved curiously under for the holding of flowers. Her left hand rested on the gull.

In the rear of the room among a laughing crowd sat Ernest. He was busily engaged in drawing caricatures.

A young girl drew near to Neisha.

"Why do you hold the shell to your ear so long?" she asked.

"I am listening," she explained, "to the sound of the sea. No matter how far inland you take it, a shell like this, it sings of the sea. It is like the soul singing of eternity."

"Neisha, Neisha!" voices came calling from the other end of the room. "Come! Have your caricature drawn. Look!

"A LITTLE THIS WAY!" HE COMMANDED.

Such ears, such noses, such mouths! Stand still for yours. There, Ernest, she poses. Commence."

Ernest took a fresh sheet of paper. He sharpened his pencil to a point.

"A little this way!" he commanded. "Now." And he scratched it swiftly over the paper, drawing.

The others gathered around him, some kneeling by his side, others leaning over.

"Splendid!" they cried. "Oh, Neisha, if you could only see! It is worse than ours. Those eyes!"

They laughed convulsively, one girl until she coughed.

By and by Ernest, rising, presented the picture to Neisha, with an elaborate bow in which the slim white of his fingers grotesquely swept the floor.

She looked at the sketch a moment, frowned almost imperceptibly and laid it back on the table.

Ernest reached out his hand for it.

"Shall I tear it up?" he asked.

"No," replied Neisha. "Leave it there. I want it for future reference."

The chill of her manner fell upon the rest. They dispersed in twos and threes, some going to the music room, where they played duets and sang snatches of song; others to the little Turkish parlor glimmering through the width of open doors crimsonly distant, and the two were left alone.

"I have offended you," said Ernest, adding, "It seems to me that here lately I am always offending you."

"It is hardly your fault," she returned gently. "It is the fault of our natures; that is all. They clash."

"Sit here," he begged, pushing forward a chair, "and let us talk about it."

She sat down and idly took up the caricature. He, opposite, watched her face as she studied it.

"And this is how you see me," she mused. "There is something abnormal about it. The artist nature is perforce peculiar, else it would not be artist. It is almost impossible. The nature of the caricaturist is impossible. To see people and things so distorted suggests distortion in the one who sees. It is as if your mind were a twisted X ray which fantastically reveals the skeleton."

Leaning back in the armchair he had taken, he regarded her out of amused eyes.

"Go on," he insisted. "Don't spare my feelings."

He said it laughingly, but there was a cynical look about his mouth that she had got to know.

"The picture is as I shall look ten years hence," she went on. "If you are always to see me ten years older than I am, all the saints and angels protect me! Such foresight is rife for the breeding of unhappiness."

"You cross bridges before you get to them, Neisha. You borrow trouble."

"Sometimes it is just as well, Ernest."

"Yes?"

"We shall never be happy together."

"If it was the drawing of the picture, Neisha, that was a little thing. Let me tear it up and let it be as if it had never been drawn. Will you?"

"Life is made up of little things. They are the straws that show the way the wind is blowing. No; don't tear it up. I want it for future reference, as I said. I want to be reminded by it that if I should be married to you not only my face, but my every action, would be distorted thus."

"No, no!"

"Yes. And that is not all. We are too alike for happiness—both sensitive as flowers, both jealous. We quarrel now; we would quarrel then. After marriage the making up is not so sweet as before. It grows monotonous, and then come the sleepless nights and the tears—the tears. Already with me they have commenced. The night you kissed Mabel I waked at 4 o'clock and never closed my eyes again. I lay still, half heartbroken, watching the pattern of the paper on the wall grow out of dimness and take to itself its old fantastic shape in the light of the dawn."

"Mabel is hardly seventeen. She is only a child."

"Children grow to be women, and soon. Suppose we were married and two years from now she came to our house and you kissed her again."

She tapped trembling fingers on the arm of her chair.

"I should die of it," she faltered.

He drew up his chair nearer, and, taking the trembling fingers in his own, he caressed them.

"Somewhere or other in Grimm's fairy tales," he said, "there is just this sort of story. Isn't there a girl who goes down in the cellar and sits there weeping because some day she might marry and the storks might bring her a little child and the little child might fall down the steps to that cellar way and break its leg?"

"It is only when you love a man," she continued to muse, following up her own train of thought, "that you lose the blessed sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

"Didn't I come to you early the next morning and comfort you, Neisha?"

"Her kiss was on your lips," she answered.

With a shrug of his shoulders he laughed.

"You are ridiculous," he affirmed.

"Once you were mine," she resumed, as if he had not spoken, "I should want you to be all mine. So far as I have been able to judge, no man ever belonged solely to one woman. Therefore, since the thing is impossible, it is best to tear ourselves apart before it is too late."

He dropped her fingers.

"You speak very coldly of tearing ourselves apart, Neisha," he complained.

"I am not cold, but I scent unhappiness. Living alone is a negative unhappiness. Living together would be positive."

After a time:

"Besides, I am a rover," she sighed. "Already I have stayed in this one place too long. I begin to grow restless again."

"If you put your head on my shoulder a little while wouldn't that take away your restlessness?"

"For a little while, perhaps; but it would return, and then I should have to go back again to my Mother Nature for comfort. She comforts with flowers, with dew, with soft, sweet breezes, but most of all with the sea. The moan of it, the soft, the sometime sigh, its lights—rose lights, white lights, soft mellow lights of the setting sun—drifting while you look into the silver shimmer of a crescent moon. I long for the sea."

"Neisha, you make me sad, as sad, sitting there, as if you were alone, longing for the sea. You are not alone, my sweetheart. I am here."

She regarded him with a gaze that seemed not to see him.

"For months I have studied you," she began. "You have given me much happiness, but more unhappiness. If you had not overbalanced the happiness with the unhappiness, you would not have been a man."

There came a look about his mouth which was like that of a hurt child. She had grown to know that also.

"You have many lovable qualities," she soothed, "but with the exaggeration of the artistic temperament you possess an exaggerated power to hurt. This you make use of frequently. My life with you would be part ecstatic happiness and part acute despair. And the despair, I am afraid, would far outweigh the happiness."

The snatches of song drifted from the music room in upon the silence which had fallen between them.

"Alone we come into the world," she said slowly, "and alone we go out of it. But I, it seems, am one of those creatures born only to live alone from the cradle to the grave. I wish to be the only one. Few women in this old world have that happiness. I can hardly dare to hope that it will be meted out to me."

"You are the only one with me now, Neisha!"

"Now!" she repeated. The 'now' is characteristic.

"I am your summer girl, but there are winters to come and other summer times. How will it be then? Others came before me. Others will follow."

He shook his head in dissent.

"I know your nature," she averred. "It is summed up in one word—'artist.'

"I MEAN IT!" ASSERTED SHE.

There are many synonyms for the word—volatile, ephemeral, vacillating, irresolute, weak—but the one word suffices. To turn it into an adjective, you are artist, and that describes you."

He rose.

"I will go," he said, "and come back by this way again when you are in better humor."

"If you are wise," said she, rising also, "you will never come back."

He stopped short.

"Do you mean that, Neisha?" he questioned, the words coming distinctly clear, with a touch of infinite sadness.

"I mean it," asserted she.

He made a step forward.

"Will you kiss me goodby, then?" he asked.

"If I kissed you I should want to keep you, and I am very sure that it is best for you to go."

He walked through the room, out into the hall to the door. He put his hand on the knob and looked back at her. Though her face had paled to the whiteness of her gown, she made no effort to recall him. He turned the knob and went out. The door shut on him.

She started forward with a sharp, quick cry as if she would have opened the door. Then, clasping one hand to her heart, she caught up the seashell and held it close to her ear, listening.

The group at the piano, rushing laughingly in, found her standing motionless as the statue of a woman with the shell to her ear.

"Are you still listening to the sound of the sea, Neisha?" they asked.

"Still listening," she answered, "to the sound of the sea."

"But why," they queried, "are your eyes so sad?"

"They look on life," she answered, "and life is sad."

Why "Romeo and Juliet" Is Popular.

It is natural that "Romeo and Juliet" should always have been a favorite with actors. It is full of pictures; it appeals to the most popular of the emotions; its poetry is only too well fitted for recitation. There never was an actress under fifty who did not feel herself a Juliet or an actor under sixty who did not see himself as Romeo. For once Shakespeare wrote great poetry which the mob could not but love, could not but find itself at home with. Juliet is the Englishman's symbol for Helen, and Shakespeare has made her the name for virtue in love, fatal indeed to herself and to Romeo, but innocently fatal. We are far from "the couple of unfortunate lovers," of Brooke's "Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet," written first in Italian by Bandell and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br.," one of Shakespeare's sources, whom Brooke lastily shows us "finally, by all means of unhonest life lasting to most unhappy death." The two hours' traffic of our stage was to Shakespeare concerned with "the inis-adventured piteous overthrows" of "a pair of star crossed lovers." He lays the blame on no one, not even on fate, giving us the story as it happened:

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

—Arthur Symons in Harper's Magazine.

Making It Plain.

"I am told, sir, that you said yesterday I ought to be placed in a lunatic asylum."

"A base slander, my dear sir, I assure you. What I did say, and I like to be exact, was that the keepers should never have allowed you to escape."

KNOCKOUT BLOWS.

There Are Many Vulnerable Points in Man's Anatomy.

An impression prevails that there is only one blow—that on the point of the jaw—which really constitutes the knockout blow, says a writer in the British Medical Journal. This is an error. The temple is a very vulnerable part of the head, the lesion usually produced being laceration of the brain substance, with hemorrhage. A blow on the ear may cause rupture in the membrana tympani and collapse. Dangerous points are over the carotid and on the larynx, the danger lying in the concussion conveyed through the large nerve trunks which run down the neck. A blow on the larynx with the bare fist may cause instant death, as may one on the chest wall over the heart. Diaphragmatic blows are not so dangerous to life, the shock being temporary. Brisk rubbing and the use of stimulants is the most satisfactory mode of treatment. Blows over the kidneys may cause rupture and hemorrhage with intense pain and shock. The most dangerous and blindly painful form of knockout blow is that on the "mark," an area at the abdominal wall corresponding to the center of a triangle formed by the xiphisternal articulation above and a line joining the bony ends of the seventh ribs below. Behind this lies the pyloric end of the stomach. A blow here constitutes the "solar plexus" blow, but in reality it is the stomach which receives and transmits the shock.

Aristocracy of Wealth Not Probable.

Whatever the tendencies of wealthy Americans of the present day, it is extremely improbable that an aristocracy of wealth should ever come into being. It has been seen that an aristocracy depends chiefly upon two conditions—the continued possession and exercise of power and the consequent unity of aims and ideals.

The aristocratic body in England, for instance, is self conscious; its members are united by mutual understanding. They acknowledge certain well recognized laws of life and manners. They depend upon each other to uphold these laws. Individually, wealthy Americans may be both self conscious and self assertive, but collectively they are antagonistic to one another. The accumulation of wealth implies struggle, and struggle does not bring forth the kind of qualities which make of the gentle and stately men and women of Vandyke's canvases one great family.—Anna McClure Sholl in Gunton's Magazine.

All Timekeepers Are Inaccurate.

The capacity of a watch for keeping good time is very much governed by its construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time and even less so of the inferior make of machine made watches. The changes of oil, the variation in temperature, the diversity of humidity of atmosphere, all greatly affect the going of a watch. Indeed, it is only the most perfect finish which neutralizes the adverse influences to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time, and even the best chronometers used in observatories and on board ships must be regulated according to tables which are kept to fix the variations to which all watches are liable.

A Bad Habit.

"Sixty-eight," murmured a young librarian as a woman waiting for a book leaned forward and touched her cheeks and lips to the top of the brass guard about the desk.

"Beg pardon," said the woman, "did you speak to me?"

"Oh, no; I'm just counting the persons whose lips have touched that railthis afternoon. You are the sixty-eighth."

The woman started back in disgust and hastily wiped her lips on her handkerchief.

"I was unconscious of what I was doing," she exclaimed.

"I suppose they all are," was the laconic reply.—Youth's Companion.

English Estimate of Emerson.

A single short work of Emerson's, the essay on "Compensation," is enough to convince one that this was a man of true genius. We have never read anything in Thoreau approaching that and other works of Emerson in originality or beauty. But Emerson is the best of the American writers. Was it Henry James who called him "the unfallen man?" One cannot imagine an intellect which failed to admire "Compensation" or which was convinced by its transcendentalism.—London Saturday Review.

Basely Deceived.

"Did you believe him when he said he loved you?"

"No, I didn't."

"Did you believe him when he told of his great wealth?"

"No."

"Then there's no harm done."

"Yes, there is. I was goose enough to believe that the ring he gave me was a real diamond."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Noise and Work.

"You can't judge a man by de mount of noise he makes," said Uncle Ebon. "De locomotive engineer is doin' his easies' work when he's ringin' de bell an' blowin' de whistle."—Washington Star.

Tommy's Congratulations.

Reggie—Tommy, do you know I'm going to marry your sister?

Tommy—Then I think I'll go and congratulate mother.

Put On.

"She has such a natural charm about her!"

"Yes, but it is artificial."—Judge.

SIMPLE FISHER FOLK

THE NEWFOUNDLANDERS ARE EASILY IMPOSED UPON.

A Pathetic and Tragic Incident That Illustrates the Attitude of the "Upper" Classes—The Hardy Courage of the Outporters.

"St. John's, N. F., lives by its fisheries; nothing worth while is produced there, but, according to the unsophisticated stranger, there is a noisy and vituperative wrangling over the wealth that comes down from the coasts," says a writer in the World's Work. "There are some few factories, to be sure, but they are too ingeniously managed by half. For instance, a certain brand of tobacco, made at St. John's and exclusively consumed by fishermen, is sold in the French Island of St. Pierre for half what it costs the Newfoundland 'bay noddie,' and the manufacturers pay $15,000 yearly to the proprietor of a rival concern to induce him to keep his plant shut down. At St. John's, too, is the aristocracy of the colony—merchants, middlemen, lawyers, physicians, officeholders, tricky and abusive politicians and colonial knights (the visitor may observe on a signboard above a little corner store, 'Sir Thomas Morbury, Grocer, Cheap Teas'). There is neither sympathy nor mercy for the fisherman here, though there is a most enthusiastic reception for what he takes from the sea. He is regarded as legitimate prey, is most marvelously fed before election and abused, ridiculed and reviled afterward. But through it all he preserves a humble faith in all those set in authority over him.

"A doctor of the outports—the incident is related because, though it may appear an extraordinary case, it yet aptly illustrates what has for years been the attitude of the upper classes toward the fishermen, without whom Newfoundland would be waste and deserted, the shame of the fair earth—a doctor of the outports was once called to a little white cottage where three children lay sick of diphtheria. He was the family physician—that is to say, the fisherman paid him so much by the year for medical attendance. But the injection of antitoxin is a surgical operation and therefore not provided for by the annual fee.

"'This,' said the doctor, 'will cost you $2 an injection, John.'

"'Oh, iss, sur!' was the ready reply. 'I'll pay you, sur. Go on, sur.'

"'But you know my rule, John—no pay, no work. I can't break it for you, you know, or I'd have to break it for half the coast.'

"'Oh, aye! 'Tis all right. I wants 'em cured. I'll pay you when I sells me fish.'

"'But you know my rule, John—cash down.'

"The fisherman had but $1, no more. Nor could he obtain any more, though the doctor gave him ample time. I am sure that he loved his children dearly, but, unfortunately, he had no more than $1, and there was no other doctor for fifty miles up and down the coast.

"'Four dollars,' said the doctor, 'two children. Which ones shall it be, John?'

"'Which ones? Why, of course, after all, the doctor had himself to make the choice. John couldn't. So the doctor chose the handiest ones. The other one died.

"'Well,' said John, unresentfully, the day after the funeral, 'I s'pose a doctor have a right t' be paid for what he does. But 'tis kind o' queer!'

"The Newfoundland outporters are hardy, courageous, boldly adventurous, simple lived, God fearing, warm hearted—a physically splendid race of men. Cowards and weaklings have for four hundred years been the outcast of the place; they occur, of course, in the best regulated families, but do not long survive, for exposure kills off the weaklings, and in the midst of many dangers the cowards lose their lives. Children learn to sail a punt at six or seven years old, and at every age they are encouraged to play at the highly dangerous game (called copying) of prancing about on floating ice. The skill acquired in leaping from one sinking block to another would make the trumpeted river driver look like a blundering child. As men, they know their punts as intimately as a cowboy knows his horse, and they will say of their boats in a gale, 'I thought she'd not live through it t'day,' with the same unconcern that a cowboy might say of his horse, 'He nearly throwed me that time.' The race is truly hardy and courageous. It was John Butt, with a broken collar bone and a split forehead to show for it, who survived two wild, snowy nights and a day on a twenty foot ice pan, over which for many hours broke great seas, heavy with jagged fragments of ice, and it was a reckless Green Bay skipper who let the wind blow the masts out of his schooner rather than reef her, because he had been told that his crew thought him 'nervous'—a mad sort of courage, to be sure, but proof positive for all time that he was no coward."

Already There.

She—I heard you complimenting her upon her girlish appearance. What did she say?

He—She said, "Ah, but I'm sure I shall look much older when I'm forty."

She—Huh! She means she'll look much older when she admits she is forty.—Philadelphia Press.

His Title.

"How did he get his title of colonel?"

"He got it to distinguish him from his wife's first husband, who was a captain, and his wife's second husband, who was a major."—Exchange.

An evil speaker only wants an opportunity to become an evil doer.—Quintilian.

VARY YOUR INTERESTS.

The Wise Man Does Not Allow Himself to Run In a Rut.

The wise man keeps out of ruts. To be certain, however, that he will accomplish this he must begin early in life. He must not begin his life work by restricting himself absolutely to a single channel. This does not mean that he should scatter his forces and attempt everything or should not become a specialist. But the more strictly he specializes the more carefully should he see to it that he does not become narrow and bigoted. The young man should early begin the habit of reading a newspaper. He will thus get a general education that he can obtain from no other source. But he cannot get all the education he requires, even if public affairs, from the newspapers. Let him not make this error. Their news is necessarily fragmentary. He should read regularly one or two good magazines of the class devoted to the discussion of questions of public interest. He should read a little good fiction as well as history and general literature. While he should persistently seek the acquaintance of the best men of his own craft, who are usually the broadest minded, he should also seek friends outside of it. They will help him to see that there are other important crafts in the world besides his own. All this will broaden his views and help to keep him out of a rut.—World's Work.

Elephant Ears.

"Did you ever taste elephant ears?" asked an amateur botanist of his companion as they passed a florist's where one of the plants was displayed.

"No," replied his companion, "I never did."

"It's a good thing for you," said the botanist, "although it is an experience that will remain in your memory for a long time to come. I remember—oh, it seems like a hundred years back, yet the incident is fresh in my mind and as clear as crystal—when three boys were leaning across a wall looking at the plant in a garden.

"I was one of the boys and the other two were telling me what a sweet taste elephant leaves had. At first I refused to taste the plant, but one of the boys put a piece in his mouth—at least he pretended to—and I agreed to chew some also. Well, persimmons are as sugar compared to the drawing and bitterness of the elephant leaf and for half an hour after I had put the bit of leaf into my mouth I drank enough water to float a ship."

Why He Wept.

Helen had been only a few days in the house where Walter was the seven-year-old son and heir when it was perfectly clear that she had made a deep impression on his already susceptible heart. One afternoon he brought a footstool and, placing it in front of her, asked her if she would marry him.

Helen was a little more than four times as old as Walter, and her unmarried state was a matter of keen interest to her friends. She looked at the boy gravely for a moment and then said:

"Why, I can't answer that question offhand, Walter. You will have to wait and give me time to think it over."

Suddenly the boy dropped his head on her knee and began to cry bitterly.

"What is the matter, Walter?" she asked, patting his head.

"I was just thinking," he sobbed out, "that you'd be dead and gone before I was old enough to marry you."—New York Press.

King Billy's Decoration.

A story told by the late Commander Edward Barrett, U. S. N., shows that plated ware when no longer useful for mess purposes on war ships can be devoted to the service of diplomacy. According to this story, some American navy officers, wishing to conciliate an African potentate named King Billy, presented him with a discarded soup ladle and a lot of gay ribbons. This so delighted the dusky sovereign that when he came aboard the ship to make a visit in state he wore the ladle tied on the front of his ample person with the variegated ribbons and also wore a dilapidated stovepipe hat.

Why Rest Is Necessary.

A belief lives strong in the hearts and minds of the majority of mankind, including persons of weak digestions, that a quick, brisk walk taken before a meal sets up an appetite and helps the stomach to digest the food. Now, this is exactly what it doesn't do. Exercise spreads the blood throughout the body. For the proper digestion of food the blood is needed in the stomach. Few realize this important fact. After a long, exhausting walk, bicycle spin or any severe physical or mental strain take a good half hour's rest in a comfortable armchair or lying on a sofa before you eat a substantial meal.

The Bergamot Tree.

There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be cultivated with profit, a fact of some importance, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes and medical preparations. The spot referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as "the toe of the boot."

His Fate.

Casey—O'Rafferty is a sick mahn. He has heart complaint an' consoomption.

Murphy—Sure, consoomption's a bad disease.

Casey—It is thot same; but it's slow. He'll die av the heart throuble a year afore he'll die av the loong throuble.—Kansas City Journal.

People talk a great deal about the sacredness of true love, but admit that you are in love, and they will laugh at you.—Atchison Globe.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

CHAPTER FIVE

By Izola L. Merrifield

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Half way between the Crescent ranch and the schoolhouse lay the western border of the Black Hawk range. If Don Easton happened to ride to the ridge of low, ragged buttes above the little valley trail he could catch a glimpse of the new schoolteacher's hat with the violets on it when little Sammie Trent took her to and fro in the buckboard from the ranch to the school.

One day Sammie rode out on the range on his own pinto, Buckeye, and told Don the news.

"We've got the new teacher at our place, Don. She's a Jim Dandy too. Pop let me go to school with the rest of the kids just because she said I was wasting my talent hoeing round. She ain't a real teacher either. She's studying us folks. Jumping Moses, Don, you ought to hear her talk. And she's going to study you pretty soon. You're chapter 5—on herders."

"Is she homely, Sammie?" Don asked gently.

Sammie shut one eye and cocked his tongue hungrily.

"Gimme two crackers and a dried herring and I'll tell," he said.

Don bargained and handed over two crackers with the herring laid between. Sammie munched contentedly. It was a long way from the ranch.

"Her hair's kind of pretty. It don't curl up exactly, but it kinks a little when the wind blows. And it's brown, kind of. And she smiles sweet as anything, and her eyes are blue, kind of, and she's awful gritty. She's learning to ride, and she fell off once and never yowled a bit."

A week after this the buckboard was discarded, and Don saw Sammie ride by on the pinto, while the schoolteacher was on a small lightweight black and white pony. Sometimes she went by alone as the days passed and her confidence grew. Don would leave the sheep with the dogs and watch for her at sunset, lying face downward in the soft, thick grass on the edge of the buttes. He could see her from the time she passed the cottonwoods that fringed the divide until she turned the corner of Big Butte far down the valley, and beyond the way was clear to the ranch.

There was a secret satisfaction to him in this self imposed sentinel duty over her lonely ride. It was a welcome break in the monotony of his life, and he dreaded the time when the grass and water would give out and he would have to move farther on to new range.

When the spring days came and the wild flowers lay like a royal carpet for the feet of the black and white pony the schoolteacher would dismount and gather them on her way through the valley. Then long a day when the sentinel saw from his post that she was in trouble. The black and white pony had wandered ahead of her, cropping the grass and new clover, when suddenly he pitched forward, one fore leg sinking deeply into a beaver hole. With his heart aflame, Don had gone to the rescue and pulled the pony out. The ankle was sprained, and she limped badly. Flushing beneath his tan, he had told the schoolteacher who he was, just one of the Crescent herders, and had offered her his horse to ride home on. She had accepted thankfully, and Sammie was sent after the lame pony the next day.

"Ain't she a thoroughbred, though?" he asked, chewing on a bit of flag root he had found down near the creek. "Her name's Marjorie Allan."

"When is she coming to study chapter 5?" asked Don carelessly.

"Guess she hasn't got that far yet," returned Sammie seriously. "She's studying flowers and bees and birds and things now."

"Sammie" the herder's voice was gentle and persuasive—"don't you want a job herding sheep along about sundown?"

"What you got that's better than hers, eh?" asked Sammie in mild interest.

"A whole dollar a day."

"I'll come tomorrow," said Sammie.

The new arrangement lasted a month. Every afternoon at sunset Sammie herded faithfully, while Don and the schoolteacher rode slowly from the cottonwoods to Big Butte. Then one day Don told him he need not come any more, and his face was grim and hopeless. Sammie looked at him shrewdly while he cracked a switch at a few mosquitoes that were feasting on the pinto's mottled hide.

"She's just a girl, even if she did come from Kansas City and writes books and things," he said pleasantly. "Did she throw you down, Don?"

The herder was silent.

"'Cause you're just a herder?"

"Go home," said the other gently without looking at him, but Sammie saw the clinched hands and he rode away whistling.

Three weeks later there came news to the ranch. The herder on the Black Hawk had moved his sheep eight miles northward toward the Big Horn country, and there were growlings among the cattlemen up there over his encroaching on their territory.

"But isn't the range free?" asked the schoolteacher when Sammie explained matters to her.

"You dassent say so nowadays less 'n you've got a gun to back it up," said Sammie. "Pop thinks Don will get all the trouble he's looking for."

Miss Allan looked at him, her blue eyes grave and anxious.

"What will they do to him?"

"Chase him off and scatter the sheep. Maybe let a little daylight into him if he stops to argue."

"Are we far from him?"

"He's about four or five miles northeast I guess. We could see the smoke if they fired the grass or his wagon," he added encouragingly.

Miss Allan was silent, and Sammie smiled at the pinto's ears. She was getting to chapter 5, he decided, on herders. And he saw, too, that she rode out of her way every day to get a view of the range. And every night at the ranch she asked if news had come from the cattlemen.

But all was quiet until one day the schoolteacher had remained later than usual. Sammie did not question when she turned away from the home path and rode up the hill until they reached a spot where the range lay before them. Far to the northeast a faint line of smoke trailed lazily up to the clouds, and she held her breath as she watched it.

"Sammie," she cried, her hands gripping the pony's bridle tightly, her face pale, "Sammie, what is it?"

"Just smoke," said Sammie shortly, knowing what lay behind the appeal. "I guess we can make it in an hour. Less 'n they've fixed him already."

But she rode on beside him fearlessly until they had passed scattered, frightened groups of what sheep were left, and halted beside the smoking ruins of the herder's wagon. It was she who found him first, lying unconscious a dozen yards from the wagon. There was a wound in his forehead. While Sammie stood with wide, scared eyes, she told him to run to the creek and bring water, then to ride on to the ranch for help.

With the water Sammie had brought her she bathed the wound and kept his parched lips moist, and the black and white pony moved up and down like a restless shadow between her and the charred wagon.

Once he opened his eyes and stared up at her in wonder, and she laid her hand lightly on his hot forehead.

"I am sorry," she said softly, and the pony moved an ear at hearing as he answered her.

A little after noon rise there came the thud of hoofs on the ground, and the long vigil was ended. Next morning Sammie's freckled face looked cautiously in the open window of the room at the ranch where the herder lay.

"Hello, Don," he said cheerfully. "Ain't she got grit, though? Ain't she a thoroughbred?"

Don smiled at him in proud assent, and moved his bandaged head in a hurt nod.

"How's chapter 5—on herders?" asked Sammie in a whisper.

"All done," said Don, his eyes bright with happiness. "Next one's on weddings, but there's a herder in it, too, and she's going to take the leading part."

The Wily Heathen.

An Englishman who was appointed to an important post in China got married soon after. Among the recipients of the usual little cardboard boxes containing a piece of wedding cake was a Chinese merchant, with whom the bridegroom had an outstanding account for goods supplied. After the honeymoon one of the first persons the newly wedded husband met was his Celestial creditor.

"And how did you like the cake?" said the Englishman laughingly after the usual congratulations.

"Ah, ha!" returned the Chinaman, with a cunning leer. "Me no such big fool to eat him, sir. Me put cakee in fire. Burn him up. He, he!"

"Oh, that's too bad," said the Englishman, very much hurt. "You might have tasted it, at least, out of compliment to my wife and myself. Why didn't you?"

"Me too clute, sah," said the Celestial, with the same cunning smile. "You owe me money, sah; sendee poison cakee; I eat him; I die; you no payee up. Hoop la! He, he, he! I know you Ingleesh!"

Love Letter Romance.

Half a century ago a young Englishman while traveling met a beautiful girl and promptly fell in love with her. A few days later he returned home, and his first act was to write her a love letter. In it he told her that he could not be happy without her and that if she regarded his proposal favorably he would expect a reply by the next mail.

To this letter he received no answer, and so disconsolate was he that from that time until his death, which occurred recently, he shut himself up in his home and lived like a hermit. Most of his time was spent in reading, and the day after his funeral the heirs began to search the books in his library, for they thought it quite possible that the eccentric old man might have hidden some bank notes in them.

They found none, but in a mirrored and pamphlet they found another kind of note, the love letter which was written fifty years ago and which the writer had forgotten to mail.

The Successful Physician.

During the time spent in this hospital I learned many things that no textbook teaches, among them the secret of the successful physician. I discovered that while knowledge was a necessity it was not the only thing; tact, energy, sympathy and kindliness counted for more. The most competent physician was not inevitably the most prosperous, while the assiduously attentive ignoramus who made up in care what he lacked in skill kept the hospital crowded and in the fullness of time had his own sanitarium.—Everybody's Magazine.

Gave Him a Rise.

"Books that have helped me!" chuckled Tommy as he piled enough bound volumes of the Congressional Record on a chair to enable him to reach the shelf where his mother kept the marmalade.

The Breaking End.

Cumon—Did your friend Tanker succeed in breaking his terrible drink habit?

Bange—No; the habit succeeded in breaking him.—Baltimore American.

He Was Strong.

Employer—Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you will fill the bill?

Applicant—Well, I just finished lickin' nineteen other applicants out in the hall.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature runs to the more ought law to weed it out.—Bacon.

DAVY CROCKETT.

His Knowledge of Politics and His Description of Himself.

As an example of Crockett's early electioneering methods one might mention his first canvass for the legislature. Regarding this he says, "I didn't know what the government was. I didn't know but General Jackson was the government." Meeting Colonel Polk, later to be President Polk, the latter remarked, "I think it possible we may have some changes in the judiciary." "Very likely," replied Davy, "very likely," and discreetly withdrew. "Well," he comments, "if ever I knowed what he meant by 'judiciary' I wish I may be shot. I never heard there was such a thing in all natur'e."

Again, Crockett, in what is called his "autobiography," a work which he no doubt in part dictated or at least authorized, gives the following account of one of his speeches to a stranger at Raleigh, while Crockett was en route to Washington to take his first seat in congress. "Said he, 'Who are you?' Said I, 'I'm that same Davy Crockett, fresh from the backwoods, half man, half alligator, a little touched with snapping turtle, can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride a streak of lightning, slide down a honey locust and not get scratched. I can whip my weight in wildcats, hug a bear too close for comfort and eat any man opposed to Jackson!'"—Emerson Haugh in Outing.

Fruit Seeds and Appendicitis.

Many very intelligent people are deterred from swallowing the seed of berries, grapes and other fruits lest the lodgment of those small bits of indigestible[sic] may induce that dreaded accident appendicitis. This fear is utterly baseless, since the healthy appendix is protected by a valvular arrangement which prevents even the smallest seeds from entering it. It is only after inflammation has already destroyed its normal protection that any foreign substance can gain access to it. To feel compelled to eschew all seedy berries and fruits is to seriously curtail one's dietary, and it is entirely unnecessary. In fact, the free and constant use of ripe berries and fruits of all kinds is one of the best preventives of this dangerous disease. Fruit eating prevents or helps to overcome constipation, and constipation is the most prolific cause of appendicitis. The physician should thoroughly disabuse his patients of this mistaken notion. All the smooth seeds are harmless.—Hygienic Gazette.

Her Old Sweetheart.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to let him depart. They swing on the gate. "I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

Treasure Trove Law in England.

In England treasure trove belongs to the crown. According to the law, if any one finds hidden treasure and conceals it for his own use he is liable to fine and imprisonment. It used to be a hanging matter. However, it may be some encouragement to English treasure seekers, if any such there be in these enlightened days, to know that the laws of treasure trove only apply to such as is discovered by accident. Treasure discovered by systematic search would not come within this description; neither would finds discovered by astrological or cabalistic sciences or by the potent influence of the divining rod.—All the Year Round.

An Important Man.

In a restaurant near Park row a man who had just ordered luncheon called the waitress' attention to the pepper castor, from which he could get no pepper.

"Oh, I'll make that all right, sir," she said cheerfully, and, taking a hairpin from her hair, commenced to free the openings over his plate. Instantly he seized his hat and stick and rushed out, greatly to the amazement of the obliging waitress, who remarked to another customer:

"Oh, Lord, isn't he impatient! Why, I was clearing it as quick as I could."—New York Press.

Blackbird Days.

Jan. 30 and 31 and Feb. 1 are famous at Constantinople, Brescia and along the Danube and the Rhine as the "blackbird days." A curious legend says that originally all species of grackles (blackbirds) were white and that they became black because during one year in the middle ages the three days mentioned above were so cold that all the birds in Europe took refuge in the chimneys. As Brescia the three days are celebrated with a feast called "I giorni della merla," or "the feast of the transformation of the bird."

His Return.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Suppose I should give you a nice dinner today, what return would you make?

Hungry Higgins—Well, ma'am, if I liked yer cookin' I'd return jist as often as I could, ma'am.—Philadelphia Press.

'Tis better to have lived one day than than to have blinked and breathed a century.—Antrim.

BABIES IN SIAM.

They All Receive the Same Name, "Dang," at Birth.

All babies in Siam receive the same name at birth, says Herbert Young, the author of "The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe." This name is Dang, which means red, and it is the only designation vouchsafed the newcomer for some months. For several years they wear no clothing, though perhaps a string of beads or bracelets or anklets as ornament. At a child's birth a cord (that has been blessed by the priests is tied around the outside of the house, and three balls of rice are thrown in "lucky directions" by three old women, who are always present at such a time and whose business it is to solicit for the little one the patronage and protection of sundry guardian angels. The cord and the scattering about the premises of a certain kind of native fruit are supposed to be efficacious in preventing the entrance of evil spirits. As a matter of fact, what with the heat of the climate and the "cleansing fires" kindled in portable earthenware stoves and the presence of many people in the small, low ceilinged rooms, the atmosphere is so stiflingly hot and uncomfortable that it is doubtful whether even evil wanderers from below would care to stop there long.

Nature and Plants.

Dr. Andrew Wilson writes: "If we assumed that flowers were merely evolved to gratify human senses we should be entertaining a woefully limited view of nature. The botanist will tell you that everything about a flower is meant to favor one end. That end is the production of seeds and the propagation of the species. The colors of flowers—may even the little splashes of a hue or tint seen on a petal—are intended to attract insects that they may carry off the fertilizing dust, or pollen, to other flowers of the same or near species and thus insure a sturdier race as the result of cross fertilization. It is to this end also that your flowers are many of them sweet scented. The nectarine is another kind of invitation to the insect world. The honey they secrete forms a third attraction—the most practical of all, perhaps. Then the arrangement of the flowers on the stalk, the times of opening and shutting of the flowers and the position of the stamens and pistils are all so many features whereby nature is giving each plant a help on the way."

Prize Sentences.

The winner of a prize of a guinea offered by the London academy to the person who should select the three most pregnant and felicitous sentences from any authors, chose the following three quotations. The first was from Ruskin:

"Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison and is happy; but imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven." The second sentence was taken from the works of Mazzini; "Discouragement is but disenchanted egotism." The third was the following from Robert Louis Stevenson: "The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth and to settle when the time arrives into a green and smiling age is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor."

Harder Work.

When the clever writer and caricaturist, Max Beerbohm, succeeded George Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of the London Saturday Review, he was told by the manager that Shaw was getting such and such pay. "Of course, being comparatively inexperienced," the manager added, "You can scarcely expect so much."

"Oh, yes, I shall," rejoined Mr. Beerbohm decisively. "Indeed, I shall expect more. You see," he explained, "as Shaw knows the drama thoroughly it was perfectly easy for him to write about it. Whereas I know nothing about it, and it will be shockingly hard work."

A Cross in the Heavens.

On Oct. 28, A. D. 312, Constantine the Great is said to have "heard a great and mighty noise above and to the east of him" and upon turning his eyes in that direction "was astonished beyond measure at what he there beheld." Clearly outlined upon the blue sky was a cross of pure white, and in the halo which surrounded the top was the Latin phrase, "In hoc signo" ("By this sign"), in letters of deep scarlet. Mackey, the great historian, says that there was a second inscription in Greek, the letters of which in English would be "En toutika."

A Very Smoky Reason.

"Yes, I know it's an expensive and useless habit," said the old smoker, lighting a fresh cigar with the stump of the old one, "but you can't think what a solace it is."

"A solace for what?" asked the other man.

"Why, for the—er—discomfort and craving you feel when you're not smoking, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

His Choice.

Agent—Yes, sir; I will guarantee that this is the most concentrated food you ever ate.

Consumer—But I don't want that kind. I want the kind that spreads all over my system.—Life.

Much Depends.

Joey—Yes, Pietro; in whist playing a good deal depends on your luck.

Pietro—Quite so. And your luck depends on a good deal, hey?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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His Sorrow Logic.

"If I had my way," said the man of high principles, "there would be no money in politics."

"But," said Senator Sorghum, "if you didn't put any money in politics it isn't likely you could have your way."—Washington Star.

Shoes and the Feet.

"Muddie, dear, those shoes look tight. How do they feel on your feet?"

"Perfectly comfortable, mamma." (To herself) "If she had asked me how my feet felt in the shoes she would have had me!"—Chicago Tribune.

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